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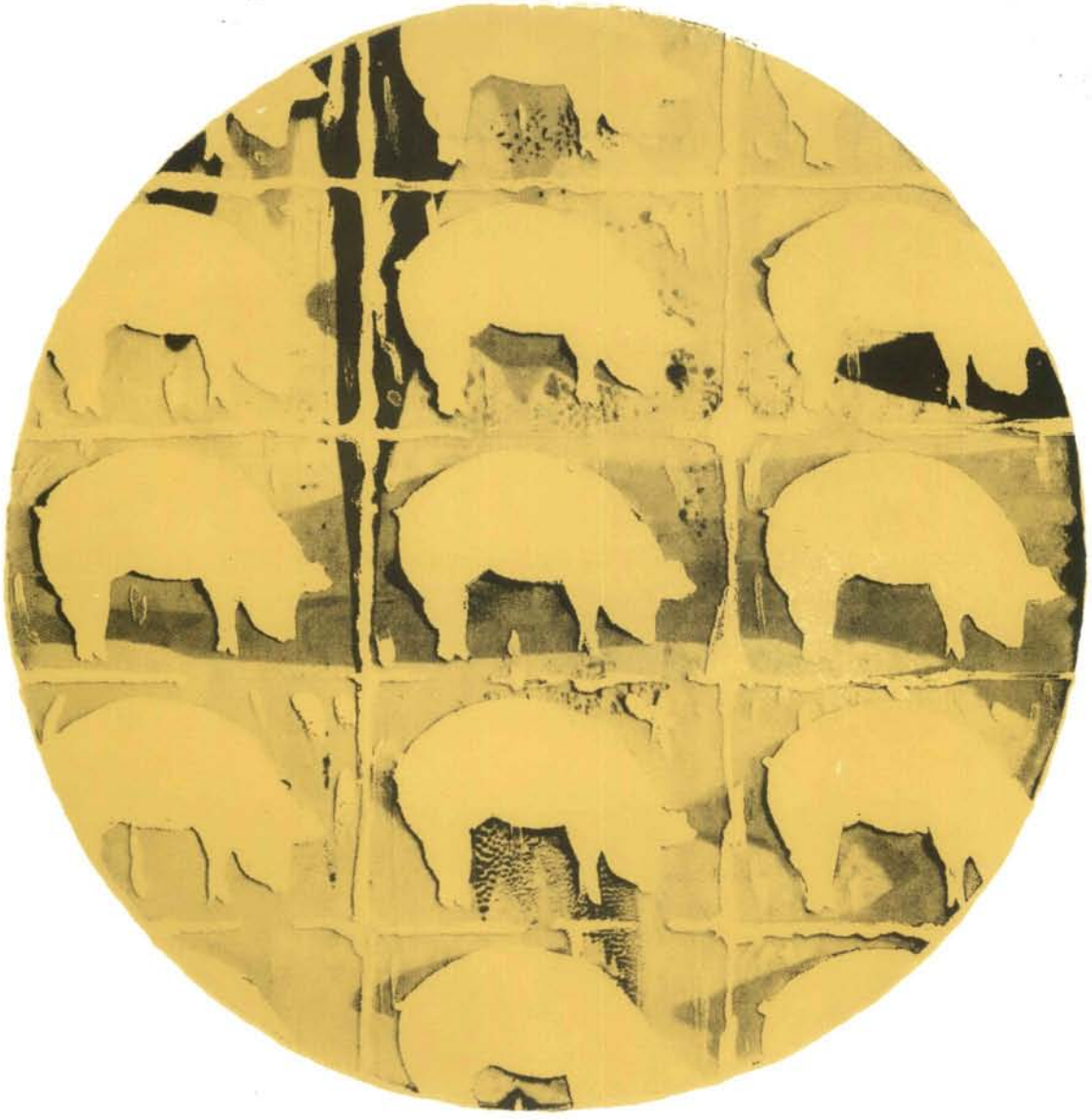

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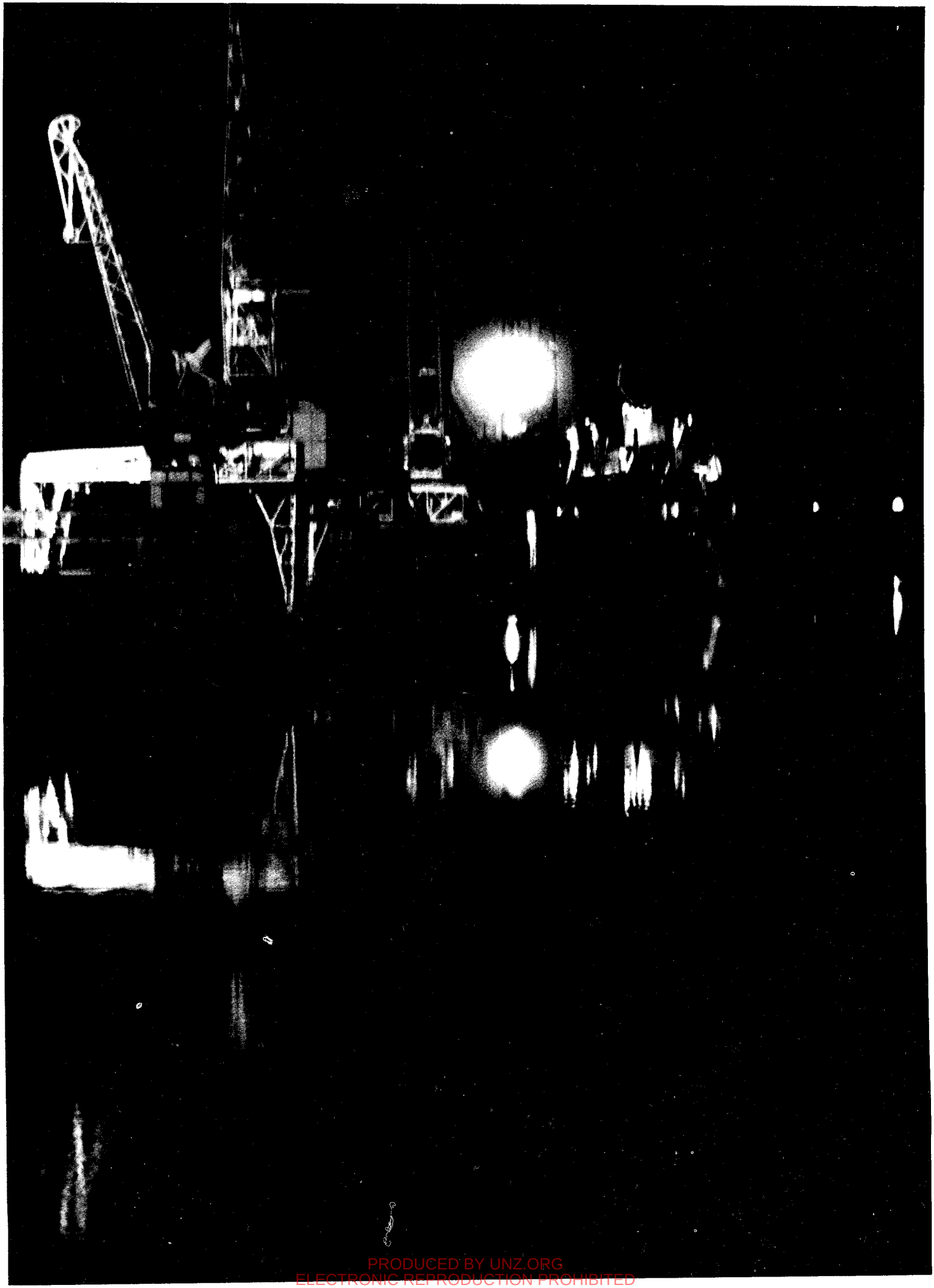

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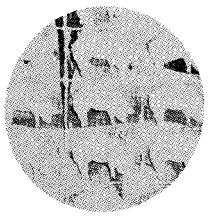

William K. Woods

AMERICAN EYE

CITIES OF MEXICO—OLD, NEW, AND DREAMT OF

First we saw the mountains. Looking through the clouds, we viewed the kind of peaks and plains that one conjures up in western-film daydreams. Suddenly a metropolis appeared below us, and before we could adjust to the transition from open land to megalopolis, we were rolling along the runway. After breakfast in Cincinnati and lunch in Dallas, my brain was a bit addled by the prospect of dinner in Mexico City. The Spaniards were temporarily bedazzled when they saw Tenochtitlan for the first time, but if Cortez and his men had arrived in the Aztec capital after a non-stop jet flight from Madrid, the combination of jet lag and unexpected visions of urban grandeur would have shocked the conquistadors into permanent trances.

The ride from the airport disturbed me. We drove along streets filled with jerry-built houses. Layers of filth, swarms of people, and these poor buildings reminded me of the proletarian neighborhoods depicted by George Orwell, but sun and bright colors made this a Latin American 1984. These reds, blues, and oranges begrimed by pollution depressed me more than the sight of our own gray skylines, and I felt the first wave of gringo guilt that periodically sweeps over well-fed Yankee tourists wearing Pierre Cardin ties.

Mexico City overwhelms you. All capital cities express diversity and differences, but Mexico City seems to personify extremes. Wealth and poverty and creativity and mediocrity dwell side by side. Pre-Columbian culture, Spanish culture, industrial culture, and pop culture can be witnessed in a fifteen minute walk along La Reforma Avenue. At times these cultures blend well, and at others they stand like garish hodgepodges designed by some ghoulish satirist. One gazes at an architectural gem amid squalid housing. One exits from a gourmet restaurant to find himself on a street where the stench of rancid grease makes him gasp for air. In the "Pink Section" of the city, ladies in designer clothes traipse through crowds of children in paper-thin shoes. Pockets of beautiful parkland border on miles of megalopolitan blight. A piece of art that happens to be a university library houses a meager collection of books. Mexican intellectuals worship at the National Museum of Anthropology, while millions of peasants still make pilgrimages to the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. One breathes fumes belching from a plethora of old cars, then rides in fast, clean subway cars that speed along on quiet rubber wheels.

If U. S. cities possess physical forms comparable to hell, then Mexico City is an even grimmer hell, with patches of heaven and purgatory planted inside its boundaries. The tourist can view this hell as he drives in taxis from monument to monument. One night, after I refused to be gouged by several taxi drivers, I walked to and from the railway station. The two mile round-trip made me think of the endless meanderings of the hero in the opening sequence of Fellini's *Satyricon*. The darkness, the filth, the stenches, and the poses and actions of people along the streets reminded me of the film's nightmare atmosphere with its maze of streets that seem to be enclosed in some crumbling Tower of Babel.

Chapultepec Park is one of those places that helps to make Mexico City tolerable for the common man. On Sunday afternoon we milled about with thousands of people who were out for an afternoon of sun, sports, culture, or love. Woods, gardens, lakes, a zoo, an amusement park, and a fortress-castle built up the side of a hill offer a variety of activities to the cross-section of the city's population that flocks to the park each weekend. When my wife and I were there, every inch of the rolling acreage seemed to be staked out by families on picnics, by children playing games, or by couples looking for a place to flirt. During their brief reign, Maximilian and Carlotta turned the old Aztec and Spanish fortress into a palatial home and as I sipped a Coke while admiring the view of the city from the castle's interior courtyard, I wondered how Carlotta would feel about the public shuffling through the gardens of her hill-top retreat.

The National Museum of Anthropology is another oasis in the megalopolitan desert. Trite as the metaphor sounds, it is apt. The outer fountains, the inner courtyard pool, and the mushroom-like column and roof that spills water onto the pavement, provide a wet setting for a building devoted to Mexico's various cultures. The maps and models in the Aztec wing of the museum show how Tenochtitlan was once an island city. Turning the physical obstacle of water into aesthetic, military, and economic benefits for their society, the Aztec leaders devised an urban culture that complemented rather than destroyed the natural surroundings. When Cortez arrived in Mexico, Tenochtitlan supported from 200,000 to 300,000 people. A system of intensive agriculture allowed the large population to live on these marshy islands.

The Spanish destroyers of the city praised the beauty of Tenochtitlan.

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Familiar with European capitals, the conquistadors compared Tenochtitlan favorably with other water cities such as Venice. The sight of the city's causeways, aqueducts, marketplaces, and temples stunned the European visitors of 1519. Cortez himself described it as "the most beautiful city in the world." But from 1608 onward, projects were launched to drain the lakes. This conquest of nature made possible the present metropolis. The fact that modern Mexico City is sinking slowly into the lake bed can be viewed as nature's silent protest.

The museum also symbolizes the pre-Cortez heritage that Mexico's intellectuals seek to identify with. Mexican artists, writers, academicians, and architects stress Aztec, Mayan, Toltec, and Olmec traditions when they discuss the cultural influences on their work. Nevertheless, they associate themselves with the monumental glories of the Indian past and not the rural and village life styles that link certain rural peoples directly with the pre-European past. In fact, those three or four million who follow the ancient traditions of Indian life confront hostility from the Mestizo majority. Since the Spanish immigration to Mexico was small and since the biological mixing was slight, most Mexicans are non-Spanish and non-European by blood. Mestizo, then, describes the blending of Indian and Spanish cultures. Of course, modern Mexican culture merges with the world-technology, and this one-world atmosphere continues to spread in Mexico at the same time that the intellectuals bury their Spanish roots in order to accentuate their Indian past.

This intellectual identity with Indian cultures helps to mold Mexico's modern art and architecture. A generation of artists who matured after the Revolution stimulated a renaissance in Mexico that still continues. Public art reached a level of excellence with the murals and mosaics of Diego Rivera, David Sequeiros, and Juan O'Gorman. The murals and mosaics that cover the walls of hotels, government offices and the buildings of the University of Mexico represent the marriage between modern and ancient. In the library of the University of Mexico O'Gorman synthesized architecture, art, and history into a building that establishes the atmosphere for the central campus. When Marcy and I read the history of Mexico through O'Gorman's mosaics, we realized how much Mexico's present creative outburst was enhanced by a recognition of the genius that inspired the art and the temple building of those earlier civilizations.

Luis Ramirez Vasquez made use of modern techniques in his blueprint for the National Museum of Anthropology. Nevertheless, the building provides a setting where the various civilizations come to life. The use of space and design helps to transform Aztec, Mayan, and Toltec artifacts from dust-collecting relics to clues of how these societies lived. Marcy and I were drawn back to the museum on three different occasions.

* * *

Tlatelolco, a city within a city located slightly to the north of the City's center, represents another sanctuary of hope in a metropolitan wasteland. Designed to house 70,000 people in a space of 198 acres, Tlatelolco sits on the site of the once flourishing Aztec sister city of the same name; in fact, the architects made the Aztec ruins, flanked by the Spanish church of Santiago, the focal point for the plan. Funded by private banks and the Mexican government, this community for low- to middle-income families was the dream of Mario Pani, Mexico's leading architect of social projects. Since Pani and his staff of architects, planners, and engineers had planned and directed the building of Tlatelolco, I made the Pani office on Reforma Avenue one of my first places to visit.

Born into a patrician family of Mexican statesmen and politicians, Mario Pani studied architecture at *L'Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris before beginning his career in his own country. In the 1930s and 1940s, he established himself as a designer of hotels and public buildings, but following World War II he turned his talents to building housing projects and to drawing rational urban plans. He saw a need for architects to involve themselves in efforts to provide shelter and services to an exploding population. Although the Pani office still accepts contracts to fashion Acapulco hotels, the firm emphasizes its commitment to alleviating Mexico's urban crisis.

Pani was recovering from an illness when I visited the office, but his associates kindly outlined the firm's past and present work. Victor Vila, Pani's second in command, gave me a few minutes of his time. An engineer by training, Vila is a smooth handler of projects and men. He reminded me of Heikki von Hertzen, a lawyer who masterminded the planning and construction of Tapiola, a new garden city [NAR, Summer 1970] outside of Helsinki. While I was with Vila, he made several phone calls about a jetport proposal, gave instructions to several junior associates, drank a cup of tea, and joked with everyone who filtered in and out of his office; at the same time he managed to clog me with information concerning four or five different subjects.

Vila claimed that the Pani office was more committed than the government to urban and regional planning. "On most occasions," he said, "we draft plans and then nudge and needle the government into giving us official and financial support." He was optimistic about the new President, Luis Echeverria Alvarez; the Pani office supplied him with idea men during his recent campaign, and Vila believes that Echeverria is more aware of Mexico's social and physical needs than the outgoing chief executive.

Vila acknowledged that the Vila staff were attempting to sell the incoming administration their plans for a regional development around Cuernavaca. When he discovered that I knew nothing about this proposal, he arranged for me to talk with Francisco Escalante, chief architect for this project. After calling in several other associates to take me off his hands, Vila was prepared to bid me good afternoon. I suspect he treats all journalists with diplomacy, but that he felt thirty minutes was a

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sufficient interview for a gringo representing a quarterly magazine.

Mario Garcia showed us the blueprints and photographs that lined the walls of his office-studio. As a leading architect involved with Tlatelolco, he was a good candidate to prepare us for a visit to this new town in town. Garcia, a kind, soft-spoken man dressed in a gray suit and a paisley tie, praised Pani for successfully steering Tlatelolco to completion through an obstacle course of private and government supervision and financing. Pani hoped to rehouse the 100,000 people then living in this deteriorated zone. The goal was to provide the old residents with better housing, schools, recreation facilities, shops, and social services than were available to them before. Garcia admitted that some of the very poor were uprooted by the project, but that decent and inexpensive housing in a community setting replaced a socially and physically blighted area. (We would later learn that the poor cannot afford the rents at Tlatelolco.) The new town houses working- and middle-class families, in a self-contained city where they can live, work, shop and play. However, since most residents work in the Greater Mexico City region, planners connected the project with the bus system and the new subway line.

Equipped with an architectural guide of Tlatelolco, we took a taxi from the Pani office to the new town. The present condition of the buildings failed to match the glossy photos in our book; most of the housing and office buildings were constructed in the mid 1960s, and many apartments were in need of maintenance. Still, Tlatelolco's lack of housekeeping was offset by the excellent coordination of physical and social planning. Although some residents are in twenty-two storey high-rises, the majority live in four storey apartments built in clusters around large interior courtyards. These low-slung apartments are physically uninspiring, but their outdoor settings amid gardens, trees, and play space create a pleasant environment. While four major traffic arteries surround Tlatelolco, and several motorways cross it, the rest of the interior space is reserved for pedestrians. All apartments are within a three or four minute walk of grocery stores and other shops. The community's three clinics, three sports clubs, thirteen schools, one movie, one major shopping center, and many above- and below-ground parking lots are distributed throughout the area.

We spent a lot of time wandering about the Plaza of the Three Cultures. Shaping this new town around an historic church and these Aztec ruins was an ideal way to turn a housing project into a cultural center. Dwellers in Tlatelolco have a community center that gives them an identity and attracts Mexican and foreign tourists to see the contrasts between Aztec, Spanish, and modern design. By utilizing these historic monuments, by rebuilding a replica of a huge Aztec plaza, and by lacing the community with gardens and recreation space, the planners gave the residents far more than a selection of one- to three-bedroom apartments.

As we left Tlatelolco, we walked through an old Spanish garden. Scribbled in charcoal on a column in the park were the words "The Cream" and "Janis Joplin." The life styles of world youth may soon require residents to make way for "The Plaza of the Four Cultures."

* * *

After our impressions of Mexico City, we were ready for a factual analysis of the capital's patterns. Our senses and intuition prepared us for everything that Francisco Escalante told us. Escalante, an architect with the Pani firm, was steeped in statistics that portrayed a grim future for this metropolis. He told us that he would use this data in his efforts to persuade government officials and bankers to back his plans for a new city.

The population figures alone seemed enough to clinch Escalante's argument. He told us that Mexico City grew from a compact city of 241,000 in 1800 to a metropolis of half a million in 1921. The one and one half million of 1940 expanded to five million in 1960, and to eight million in 1970. Demographers predict a fourteen million population by 1985 and twenty million by the year 2000. Currently 50,000 people immigrate to the city each year, while the capital records a 4% increase from internal growth. Since the Valley of Mexico resembles a closed bowl hemmed in by mountains, the metropolis cannot sprawl on indefinitely.

The population figures become grimmer when one considers how these people live. Escalante ticked off some housing statistics. A survey had shown that 45% of current housing is unfit for habitation, and that another 20% is deteriorated in one form or another. Only 25% of Mexico City's dwellings are classified as "adequate to good." In the worst housing zones, from 500 to 1000 people jam together on one hectare of land. Most of the rural migrants who pour into the city each day find themselves forced to live in a shanty suburb on the city's periphery or in one of the downtown slums. Escalante noted that builders would need to construct 70,000 to 80,000 dwellings a year just to take care of the city's present population growth. The architect expected us to doubt some of his data, but we told him that our observations verified his factual accounting.

* * *

Platted in the mountainous country of Mexico's Central Plateau, San Miguel de Allende occupies a series of levels connected by a maze of steep cobblestone streets; it took our driver about five minutes to maneuver his bus around one narrow corner. Although this town of 15,000 might prove to be frustrating to a visitor from Los Angeles who had forgotten how to walk, it stands as a mecca for someone who loves to meander and watch human activities in a beautiful setting.

San Miguel de Allende gave us a chance to regain our composure. After a bombardment from Mexico City's conflicting styles and traditions, it was good to find ourselves in a setting that possessed one dominant motif. Mexico City is geared to machines and factories, and such a metropolis seems vast and unfathom-

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able. Planned prior to the machine age, San Miguel retains a physical scale that everyone can comprehend. Founded in 1540, the city follows the model of medieval Spanish urban design. Since its form was fixed in an era when people depended on their feet to make their daily rounds, San Miguel is a city for pedestrians rather than cars. This emphasizes its human scale.

As newcomers we were often confused about our directions while walking along some narrow streets, but we never got too lost because we could always see the spire of a familiar church looming over the lower buildings of the town. Churches dominated medieval urban skylines, and their towers acted as points of reference to the walker. The architects who designed the monuments and plazas of medieval cities knew that pedestrians would notice a variety of visual effects while they were approaching a major building, and they often took this into consideration while planning an important work. They wished to give residents a series of interesting glimpses of a church or cathedral before the entire building came into view.

Accustomed to gridiron patterns, many people look on medieval cities as haphazard jumbles of unplanned streets and buildings. This is not the case. People on foot have different needs than a man behind a wheel. A narrow, winding street provides protection from the wind and cold, while an arcade allows a merchant to continue business in the rain.

Although San Miguel was founded as a missionary outpost over thirty-three years before Philip II issued his "Law of the Indies," the town's main growth came when this law was in effect. Philip's law stipulated how colonial towns were to be laid out; it outlined procedures for site selection, street layout, and for the planning of public squares, parks, and major buildings. The fact that every colonial town possesses unique features shows that the Law of the Indies failed to stifle creativity. San Miguel's hillside topography was sufficient to make it different from other cities, though it still conformed to certain Spanish colonial patterns.

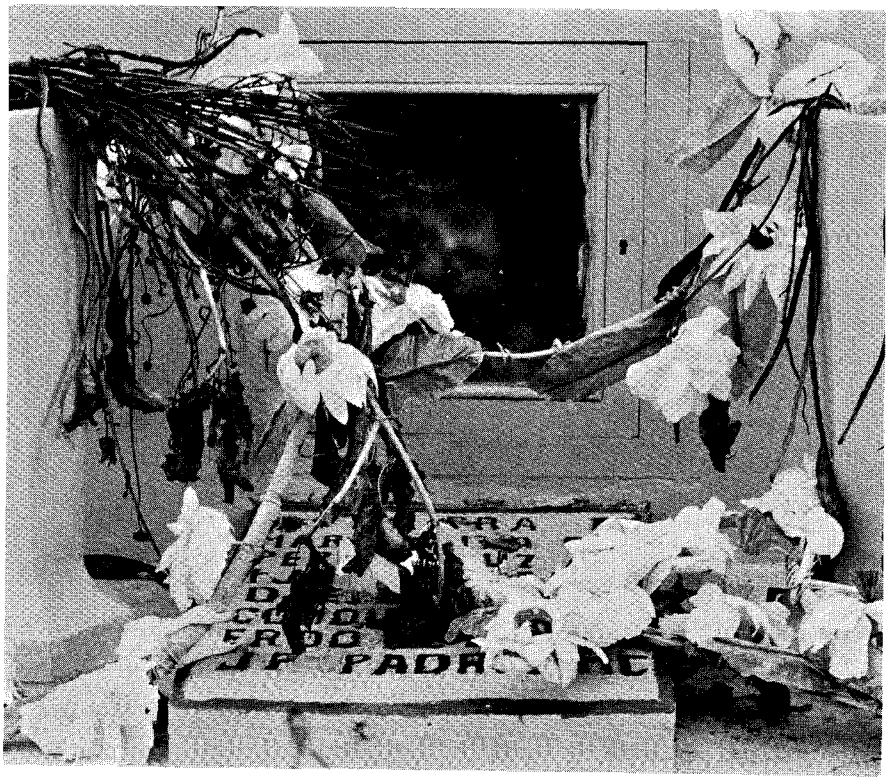
Space was well utilized in these compact walking cities. Since most people lived along narrow streets without the benefit of private lands, the town planners placed public gardens or a plaza near every neighborhood. A central plaza would house the cathedral and the major public buildings, but the smaller plazas were designed as social and recreational centers for a particular section of the town. Thus San Miguel has its social amenities and physical beauty packed into a small piece of geography. We didn't have to drive anywhere to enjoy ourselves or to see flowers. If man once felt that technology freed him from territorial confinement, he has now lost the knack for keeping a circumscribed territory from becoming blighted. San Miguel is momentarily protected; the Mexican Government has established it as a National Monument.

* * *

On our last day in Mexico, we caught further glimpses of this country's urban past and future. During the afternoon, we visited Teotihuacan, a symbol of Indian Mexico's classic age. That evening, we looked at models of a planned region that the Mario Pani office hopes to develop during the next three decades.

It was hot and dry as we drove out to the ruins. Our guide, a bald man in his sixties, chattered away, filling our ears with false information about the human sacrifices to the gods of Teotihuacan. We felt the full impact of Mexico City's regional sprawl when we rolled through factory zones, sleazy towns, and shanty suburbs. The guide pointed out the last vestiges of the lake that once covered the Mexico City area. We laughed at our guide's comment that the Aztecs would reap their revenge when all the buildings constructed on top of the drained land sank completely into the lake bed.

After driving through all the clutter that pockmarks the region around most modern cities, the sight of the Pyramid of the Sun looming ahead jolted me. The Aztecs presumed that the gods built this city of temples, and we, the products of an era of Howard Johnson architecture, could hardly believe that human beings would build such structures to honor spiritual powers. Even amid camera-flashing tourists, the temples and



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pyramids, offset by the mountains in the distance, gave me a sense of walking into some past age. I began to feel the meaning of the word "theocracy".

Urban life at Teotihuacan flourished from approximately 100 A.D. to 700 A.D. Although priests ruled the city, it was much more than a ceremonial center surrounded by rural villages. Recent studies show that the city extended for eight square miles, and that it reached a population of from 50,000 to 100,000. Remnants of palaces, houses, and suburban apartments indicate that priests, bureaucrats, merchants, craftsmen, and workers lived in various zones and neighborhoods of the city. About half-way up the Pyramid of the Sun, we stopped in order to view the pattern below us. We saw the wide main avenue that connects the Pyramid of the Moon with temples and palaces located four miles to the south. Teotihuacan was laid out in a grid-iron pattern; straight streets periodically intersect the main street, the Avenue of the Dead. Archaeologists can find no evidence that walls ever enclosed the city, and they speculate that Teotihuacan was an open community of wide avenues that linked the various temples, palaces and pyramids.

A lack of walls indicates a lack of warfare, and scholars think that the 100 A.D. to 700 A.D. period was an age of relative peace. Although Teotihuacan's influence extended from Guatemala to the North American desert, archaeologists base this penetration on cultural and economic factors rather than on military conquest. Certainly the violent and warlike themes of other Central American cultures are missing in Teotihuacan. Drawings and murals indicate that the people of this city imagined paradise as a place where men and women could swim and play childlike games in a setting of orchards, flowers, and rivers.

After our afternoon of viewing a city that flourished 1,500 years ago, we were thrust into the future. That evening, Architect Francisco Escalante took us to see the plans and models for Parallel City. Escalante heads a team of experts who spent a year devising a regional plan for the Cuernavaca area, where the goal of Parallel City is to divert the flow of people and economic activity away from Mexico City. In order to curb the megalopolis situation around the capital, Escalante, Mario Pani, and others decided to foster rational economic and population growth in less developed regions of the country. They hope that Parallel City will be the first of many regional projects in Mexico.

The state of Morelos is close to Mexico City, and its economic, social, and environmental potentials are well suited for Escalante's and Pani's goals. Cuernavaca, the capital of Morelos, is a beautiful tourist town of 35,000, located an hour's drive south of Mexico City. The planning team which selected Cuernavaca and two other towns as their sites for population expansion and economic growth wished as much as possible to keep agricultural land and open space intact; thus they picked already established communities to use as the major population centers. The plan calls for Morelos to become a major region for tourism, and Cuernavaca and Cuautla will evolve into the meccas of the tourist route. Tourism will create new jobs, but the planners will also stimulate pockets of industrial growth. Three centers for expansion were selected in order to limit urban size. By planning all the factors involved in housing, employing, transporting and schooling a large influx of people, the Escalante team promises to bring economic benefits to this region without blighting the area's physical and social environment.

After showing us the blueprints and models, Escalante drove us to his home for dinner. I was still dazzled by all the intricate details that went into the Parallel City proposal. Escalante's wife, an intelligent lady from Georgia, laughed at my amazement concerning the intricacies of the plan. "You see," she said, "Mexico isn't a rich country like the United States. My husband has to plan so thoroughly in order to make a peso do a dollar's worth of work."

* * *

While I was writing this essay, a group of black students took possession of the Wilmington College administration building. This bucolic campus in southern Ohio seems to be an inappropriate place for a black-white confrontation. If one walked about the green commons viewing the trees and buildings, one would not correlate the physical setting with the social turmoil that exists in the country at large. Nevertheless, Wilmington is not immune from the problems of society, and its pleasant physical setting provides no insurance against individual unhappiness or group conflict. Simply stated, this means that one should not become totally preoccupied with the benefits of physical planning and architecture. Although architecture can help a person or group feel fulfilled, social, economic, and political injustices can exist amid buildings of aesthetic greatness.

"The city is the people," said architect Henry Churchill. He realized that one must know the people in the buildings and on the streets before one can judge the atmosphere that prevails in a community. This is especially true in our over-populated, rapidly urbanizing "spaceship earth." The fact that Mexico possesses one Tlatelolco and the United States constructs a few new cities for upper income groups tells us more about the lack of commitment of these societies toward solving their urban crises than the well planned buildings of these few projects would indicate.

I must make a confession. Sometimes I daydream about Teotihuacan. There will always be mysteries about that city because of the loss of all written records, but what will archaeologists say about us if they are forced to piece together our history from physical ruins? Will they marvel at our pyramid of the dollar and our temple to the stock market? While studying the ruins of Washington, D.C., they may discover the Department of Defense. If they see the word "defense" inscribed on this building, they may spend centuries brooding about what "defense" meant in American society. □

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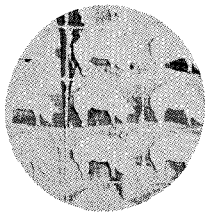

John Means

LATIN AMERICAN REPORT

ANTI-AMERICANISM IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

To say that Latin America exists in a bi-polar political universe is merely to state the obvious. Since the United States and the Soviet Union emerged from the Second World War as the two most significant international centers of power, in both a military and an economic sense, for better or for worse the world remains for an indefinite period loosely balanced between Washington and Moscow. Quite irrespective of the economic resurgence of post-war Germany and Japan, or the nuclear potential of Communist China, the two giants—Russia and America—perennially confront each other in a bi-polar system that replaces the more traditional pattern of poly-polarity, in which a few nations of approximately equal strength have, in the past, predominated. Consequently, in terms of global politics, the alternatives for the alignment of lesser powers is, from their own viewpoint, more restricted.

Prior to mid-century, nations (individually, or in blocs) continually grouped and regrouped—occasionally in rather bizarre combinations. When four or five countries predominated, each could ally itself with any other one, and the principal focus of international power relationships remained confined to that "club." The affiliation of lesser nations with any of the great powers was, under those conditions, presumed to be relatively stable. Given a bi-polar structure, however, middle-echelon powers may swing from one sphere to the other, and therein lies much of the contemporary political significance of that abstraction known as "Latin America." Most specifically, during the past generation Latin America has become a primary target for the propaganda efforts of both East and West, as the political attitudes of Latin America have become increasingly valuable to the arbiters of power in the world.

Although the very existence of Fidel Castro has escalated the prominence of Latin America in terms of international attention, the perpetual grappling for power through the alignment and realignment of nations creates unique difficulties for the world's two super-powers. While poly-polarity at one time confined most significant international "jockeying" to the several primary powers, bi-polarity now forces each of the two great blocs into competition for alliances—albeit inherently unstable—with the lesser states.

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In this framework, anti-Americanism in the Americas is a phenomenon of varied nuances and diverse intensities, characterizing the political and economic life of various sectors of the public and the "elites." The more conventional interpretations of this essentially sociological fact—presuming that it *is* subject to accurate description and interpretation—attribute the determining factors to economic causes. The most notable of these include the underdevelopment of the region (despite tremendous variations from country to country), the depressed standard of living of the majority of the population, and—most especially—the activities of North American corporations and government agencies which allegedly retard national development by participating in it.

It is indisputable that these economic factors, and the political relationships stemming from them, do influence the intensification of anti-Americanism, but this ought not imply that Yankeephobia has been (or could be) precipitated exclusively by such factors—nor even that their influence imposes upon Latin America conditions which are accurately described by Marxist theories of economic determinism. The roots of anti-Americanism go much deeper, and constitute incontestable evidence of a profound crisis in the thinking of much of Latin America with regard to the "Yankee threat."

The phenomenon is virtually spiritual in nature, and it is the product of a multi-faceted resentment which is considerably more complex than purely economic explanations would seem to suggest. Perhaps the most influential element is the ethnic factor, to which may be added an ideological overlay. In addition, influences of an emotionally political character tend to direct the focus, if not the elaboration, of anti-Yankee sentiments: the contemporary equivalent, more or less, of late nineteenth century Anglophobia. In this context, there is in almost all of Latin America an ever-present political demagogy which persistently poisons all attempts at rational analysis or objective dialogue.

The manifestations of anti-American activity differ markedly at different socio-economic levels, and the relative intensity ranges from devastating aggressiveness to complete dormancy—though the latter frequently camouflages a highly explosive potential. Despite the erratic and often unpredictable nature of inter-American relations, it appears that the basic characteristic of anti-Americanism is "negative nationalism," frequently manifested through pervasively xenophobic sentiments which alternate between non-cooperation and open hostility, and include all the intermediate gradations. Overt

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expressions of anti-Americanism may be utilized, for example, as a means of protesting the raising of tariffs (or the reduction of quotas) on exports to the United States. Also, it is repeatedly evident that anti-Yankee demagogy can serve internal political (e.g., electoral) purposes. The demonstrations against the visit of Vice President Nixon to various South American republics in 1958 effectively prevented the host governments from benefitting from the prestige of an American vice presidential visit, and those riots appear to have been geared primarily to domestic grievances. In numerous instances since, the fearful spectre of the overbearing "Colossus of the North" has been invoked for political advantage at the local level.

At one time, animosities and rivalries among the various Latin American states were the key motivating forces of that area's international politics. However, the present generation in South America has known nothing comparable to the debilitating Chaco War (early 1930s) or the War of the Pacific (1879-1883). Thus, looking a bit further afield, the North American presence has become the target for quasi-nationalist hostilities in this bi-polar era of relative hemispheric tranquility. In the early 1960s, to be sure, the threat of an expansionist Castro-Communist power in the Caribbean did tend to undercut most dogmatic anti-Americanism, since only the power of the United States could cope effectively with an international problem of such magnitude. Now, as the passing of a decade has proven the apparent tolerability of a hemispheric Communist presence, the United States has lost the image of paternal protector and has assumed once again the position of overlord. In a sense, this non-selective distaste for most things North American has become a political necessity for a multitude of nationalist causes in most of Latin America.

Nonetheless, the more spectacular forms of anti-Americanism frequently are independent of the generally localized causes which generate intensification for domestic purposes; "negative nationalism" rests heavily on a fundamentally spiritual (i.e., non-economic) dislike of the omnipotent and omnipresent Yankee culture. Latin American hyper-nationalism, in the anti-U.S. context, penetrates literature and the arts as well as the social and economic realms, and although "positive" nationalism has several salutary aspects, the most universal characteristic is a negativism which incorporates the resentments of the Western Hemisphere's "have-nots" into a quasi-racial expression of fear and hatred of Anglo-America. The psychological ground thus prepared is highly receptive to the various socio-political notions of "Yankee imperialism" which then become the ideological property of nationalist extremists ranging from Castrophiles to anti-Communist entrepreneurial elites.

One of Latin America's most dynamic perennial opponents of North American influence—and regarded by many as the prototype of the truly nationalist politician—is Peru's Victor Raul Haya de la Torre, who endowed indigenous nationalism with the organic structure of a political party: Peru's APRA. Although this Peruvian political organization is personalistic in nature, it differs from the typical South American party in that it developed a readily identifiable doctrine based on the writings of Haya de la Torre. "*Aprismo*", as it is called, constitutes a virtual exaltation of the racial resentment of "Brown America" (Haya's term)

STEPHEN DOBYNS

FORMING AN ENTRANCE / EPIPHANY

Push him through. The eye of the needle's before us,
opening onto Nebraska, billiard tables, grain elevators
rising above the holy. His arm first, then shoulder—
yesterday's dinner on a brown plate. Do not listen
to his noises of comfortable apartments, necessary warmth.
We can do without him. Now his head and other arm.
His eyes are aware of it: the back of the unwaking beast
murmuring to itself. He will walk on it with grass feet,
thinking of cities and small rooms. The earth will
grow to him. Now his waist, hips. We have promised him
a new place, waiting for him—people after midnight
in lighted houses. Now his legs, feet. We watch him
fall off into the dirt roads, a nest of machinery
turning towards him, embracing him. He will be happy,
renew us with his discoveries and far places. He
will remain in our mirrors, still connected, mixing
our voices over the long wires, catching their echoes.
The fields gather to us, opening, forming an entrance.

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through the exploitation of ethnocentric *indigenismo*. APRA's ideology of anti-Americanism was initially adapted to the resentments of Peru's masses: to sentiments of bitterness and rancor, to cruel memories of peerless Inca glories submerged in alien cultural tides (at first Hispanic, then North American). *Aprismo* synthesized elements of Marxism and Fascism, and its more theoretical aspects have been utilized in part by Argentine Peronism, Bolivia's National Revolutionary Movement, the Brazilian Labor Party of leftist ex-President Goulart, Venezuela's *Acción Democrática*, and even the Chilean socialism of President Salvador Allende. Peru's Eudocio Ravines, the conservative editor of *Vanguardia*, has stated that "historically, it may be said that Haya de la Torre and APRA have been the formulators of political and popular anti-Americanism throughout all of Latin America."

In pragmatic operational terms, the anti-Americanism of *Aprismo* (and kindred organizations throughout the region) is a political technique which the ambitious politician or opportunistic professional may exploit for quick dividends. However, to attribute the crystallization of systematic anti-Americanism to abstract economic theory is to miss the essence of the phenomenon. The economic aspect certainly may be regarded as a contributing factor, but not as the sole determinant. In a bi-polar political universe which assigns Latin America to the North American sphere, the cornerstones of resentment are of a more spiritual order, deeply imbedded in the historical processes of Ibero-America.

The exploitation of anti-Americanism as a social and political instrument is characteristic of the entire cultural continuum: bureaucrats and intellectuals, pragmatists and visionaries, the commercial bourgeoisie and the impoverished peasant masses. Hence, it is most accurately perceived as a thoroughly human condition, riddled with contradictions and paradoxes. Just as theories of economic determinism furnish an incomplete explanation, so, also, do North American "actions" account for only one aspect of the growth of Yankeephobia. Of equal—or greater—significance is the fact that Latin Americans sense a painfully obvious contradiction between the importance attached to certain values by Americans in the United States, and the depreciation of those same values by Americans abroad. In the most specifically political context, Latin Americans note that the United States professes profound respect for human rights, civil liberties, and democratic governmental procedures, but the accusation is virtually unanimous that the United States has repeatedly demonstrated a casual contempt for these values in Latin America; the most ardent defenders of democracy in North America become the most determined contrivers of dictatorship in South America. This allegation, of course, is seldom directed at Washington's Eurasian rival, and while the objective accuracy of this viewpoint is less than ideal, the political efficacy of the argument can hardly be denied.

As would be expected, Washington's foreign antagonists avail themselves of every opportunity to accentuate anti-Americanism in the Western Hemisphere. Even disregarding the occasional successes attributable to Communist influence, the Latin American ambience is generally advantageous for the amplification of anti-American attitudes, and anti-Americanism has become substantially a national state of mind in Latin America. Perhaps it is simply one manifestation of the lack of coherent unifying national ideologies—i.e., a product of the socially disorienting emasculation of traditionalist oligarchical values, but without the stability of the emerging developmental "modernizing" value systems which are still in the embryonic stages in much of this hemisphere. However, this hypothesis does not negate the significance of those ethnic resentments which have compounded nationalist frustrations in the shadow of the New World's giant, and humiliated national pride. An initial result was the development of *indigenismo*—a return to the glories of a fabled past, an evasion of present realities by the substitution of gilded fiction for bitter fact. The Hispanophobia endemic to much of Spanish America during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has evolved, in this century, into a multi-faceted anti-Americanism which is accentuated by circumstances of economic underdevelopment. In the arena of inter-American relations, contemporary tendencies nurture anti-capitalist economic philosophies and audacious political campaigns which inflame even the most obscure resentments of all who have felt the impact of the Anglo-American presence in Ibero-America.

The U.S. government, unhappily, can do little to ameliorate the effects of this antipathy. Purely economic measures, in and of themselves, have been proven insufficient. The Alliance for Progress, initiated ten years ago in a spirit of genuine cordiality and international good will, has long since foundered on the rocks of mistrust and misapprehension. Though the Alliance was financially rather well-endowed, mere "gifts" do little more than provoke even greater resentment. It appears likely that for as long as the United States retains control over the destiny of the West, American philanthropy will be misinterpreted. (Indeed, although it is of only slight consolation to Washington's Latin American policymakers, Soviet offers are received with a similar skepticism.) If, in fact, anti-Americanism is essentially "spiritual" rather than economic in its genesis, then it ought not seem surprising that the condition produces a negative reaction against the blandishments of the world's "haves" by the "have-nots" who continue to retain a self-image of inferiority. Anti-Americanism—or, for that matter, simple xenophobia—does not normally dictate the foreign policies of Latin American governments, but it does place limits on most aspects of North American involvement in the affairs of our southern neighbors. Given the nature of global tensions fed by currents of social revolution, the attainment of genuine trust, confidence, and sanguine expectation in hemispheric relations remains highly doubtful. □

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ROUGHING IT IN AMERICA

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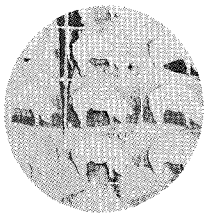
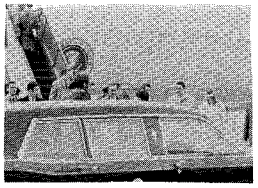


We are neither a news magazine nor a political journal, but we live in the world and breathe its atmosphere. At the same time, we are both naive and curious—so when the President of the United States visited in our back yard a while ago, we went to look. We came home as convinced as ever that the crisis of the American conscience implicates everyone—not excepting university quarterlies with literary pretensions.—The Editors.

NIXON IN IOWA



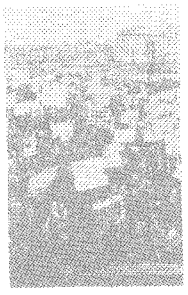
PHOTOS: MIKE WEBER

Waiting for the March 1 arrival of the President—he was to attend a Rural Development Conference in Des Moines, and to address the Iowa General Assembly on the subject of revenue sharing—was a little like standing in the stockyards and waiting for the order to move along to the killing floor. Some forty or fifty members of the Press milled about inside a roped-off rectangle against the Air National Guard terminal where Mr. Nixon's plane was to come to a stop. We were not allowed to buy a cup of coffee in the ANG cafeteria whose windows overlooked the field; we were hazed out of the building's lobby by a baby-faced secret service man; there was nothing to do but stand in the cold and wait, and read the names of the out-of-town newsmen off the tags hung around their necks.

It was an overcast morning, traces of a predawn dusting of snow still visible in hollows and corners around the apron. Outside the mesh gates we had noticed a token force of demonstrators—mostly students—gathering with placards at the ready; inside, everything was a bustle of uniforms and a filtering of plain-clothesmen with lapel pins. Troopers of the Iowa Highway Patrol lined the perimeter of the apron at 25-foot intervals; other patrolmen appeared occasionally on the terminal roof, their heads bobbing as if they were stamping their feet to keep warm. Off to the left, outside a closed hangar door, a dozen or so Air Force non-coms in fatigues and baseball caps clustered for a glimpse of their Commander-in-Chief. At our right elbow a Washington reporter was interviewing a Des Moines reporter ("How *do* Iowans feel about the war?").

Just before the President's plane was due, the hangar door rolled open and a pair of black Lincolns cruised out. One was the Presidential limousine, rainbows glistening in its thick windows, the Seal of the President a tasteful circle on each rear door, the official flags still cased at the front fenders; the other was a specially-contrived machine for the Presidential bodyguard—an open, awkward automobile with foreshortened doors, running-boards, and hand-holds welded at strategic places. Both cars had been flown in earlier; both were spotless, though the hood ornament of the secret service car was twisted at a rakish angle. From the moment of the cars' appearance, the Presidential visit proceeded like a skillful magic show: the Governor and his lady arrived at 10:40, Air Force One (surely the world's cleanest aircraft) touched down at 10:44; steps were in place and men in topcoats were disembarking at 10:46. Behind the rope barrier, the Press hoisted its cameras.

Mr. Nixon looked well-rested and fit, and sported a deep tan; he is shorter and heavier than we had expected, with gray in his hair that doesn't show up on television, and faint traces of talcum powder under his sideburns. He seemed affable and easy—as if Iowa were precisely the one place in the world where he wanted to be at this moment. His wife was as she always appears—frail and shy, with so sweet a face that one has the feeling that her whole life has been a preparation for being someone's favorite grandmother. A good bit of amenity-exchanging swirled before the terminal; someone must have commented on the threatening skies—skies now noisy with



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a pair of hovering helicopters—for the President turned as he was getting into his car, to smile and say: "It wouldn't be Iowa if it didn't snow." The car door closed; the Press sprinted to the chartered Greyhound buses. At the terminal gate, a couple of hundred pickets shouted and waved their signs at the procession, but further on the roadsides were deserted.

As the motorcade moved toward the center of Des Moines, more and more people began appearing along the way. The route from the airport to the Capitol had not been published, but it turned out to be the most logical and direct one (the return trip that afternoon seemed rather more devious) and many of the onlookers held friendly placards ("God Bless You, Mr. Nixon," for example). By the time the parade had reached downtown, cruising at a leisurely pace toward the west face of the Capitol, the streets were crowded with smilers and wavers.

The non-smilers were waiting on the Capitol lawns—a crowd of about 4000 protesters, comprising students (angry because the war was still killing people), construction workers (angry because Mr. Nixon had singled out their wages as inflationary), and farmers (angry because farm profits were drastically down)—and when their number first became clear the motorcade suddenly doubled its speed. As the cars and buses raced around the Capitol building to the east parking lot, the protest crowd broke ranks and went spilling across the slopes and steps as if to intercept them. It was an odd, chilling moment, seeing so many men and women move so swiftly, not knowing if they were only running to get a vantage point near the rear steps, or if they were making a threat.

In the end they were docile (the President later remarked that he thought the demonstration was "amateurish"—an ambiguous judgment from which a number of bizarre inferences are possible), but their very presence and size was a hard reminder of the problem of protecting an American President. Despite elaborate security—the helicopters close by, armed guards a car's length away, state and local police on every hand, credentials for practically everyone—out of a crowd of thousands can come almost anything. The presence of an emergency ambulance (with its engine running) only a few hundred feet from the entrance of any building the President was in during his Des Moines visit is one sort of testimony to the imperfections of security. In fact, nothing happened at the Capitol (and though there were scuffles later outside the Hotel Fort Des Moines, Mr. Nixon was nowhere near them); perhaps the most dangerous thing to be read into such a mixed bag of dissidents was a possible wasting away of the President's political support for the future.

Some rules, though they are unwritten, gain the force of law by reason of their perpetual application to the real circumstances of our lives. During these two and a half years, the Press has apparently come to accept that when Mr. Nixon embarks upon one of his elaborate-and-repetitive fantasies in response to a question—particularly if the question deals with Southeast Asia—there is neither hope nor use for breaking in to say what the Press, surely, would like to say. There is no hope because the President, though he hears, does not listen. There is no use because the President—increasingly, it seems to us—has with the passing of the months withdrawn into a Disneyland of rhetoric whose principal architects may be his advisers, and whose principal audience is not the Press but the citizenry frolicking wide-eyed and open-mouthed among splendiferous premises and fanciful evasions. In his all-too-few press conferences, Mr. Nixon has learned to make a fairyland of the language. It is a somewhat preposterous fairyland, displaying none of the old felicities, the silk and gossamer, the play of light and line we dreamt on in our childhood, but still it is a fairyland— as ponderous and marvelous as an ancient castle transported, stone by stone, from the old world to the new, with solemn ramparts and dogged crenellations and stout drawbridges, every bit as impressive in its way as the delicate inventions of a Titania.

Or perhaps the Press hasn't even the *desire* to break in. We have pondered this.

Sometimes we take a special and perverse pleasure from listening to language broken free of the actualities which ordinarily hobble it. To know, for example, that what a child is telling you when he is accounting for something he did, or failed to do, is pure fabrication, does not necessarily make you angry. If the story is a good one—a kind of juvenile *tour de force*—the almost universal tendency among intelligent adults is to treat the child's invention as oral literature, to suspend disbelief and to appreciate both the tale and its embellishments. And—if it

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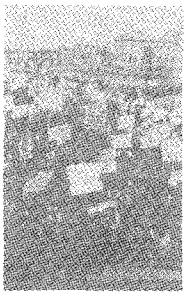
is a very good story indeed—to suspend not only disbelief, but punishment as well.

In a very special sense, Mr. Nixon's continuing performance before the Press and the public is a grown-up—and regrettably serious—version of a clever child's performance before his parents. Richard, why did you go off to play in Cambodia and Laos after your Mummy and Daddy told you not to? Because there were lions and tigers hiding there, and I had to go and catch them so they wouldn't get into the yard and eat up my Mummy and Daddy that I love very much. The plot is already attractive: Why, that little Dickens ran off and played where he wasn't supposed to, but how can we be so ungrateful as not to return his innocent love? Oh, dear Richard, I wish you hadn't ripped your new trousers. But golly, Mummy, I had to climb that big high fence and it was a hard job and it would of been so much easier not to try to climb it, but if I hadn't of climbed it and torn my new pants I wouldn't of been able to catch the lions and tigers that wanted to eat up my Mummy and Daddy that I love with all my heart. And so forth.

Alas, some children create literary worlds which are so attractive that, though they are first devised to jolly peevish parents out of retributions, they become infinitely preferable to actuality. In rare and tragic instances, the literature replaces reality; the child dwells eternally in the never-never land of his own devising. The inventions become increasingly frantic, the connections to the things of this world increasingly tenuous, the attention of the parents increasingly rapt—until one day the parents concede that their child is a case. At the grown-up level, neither the Nixon administration nor the Press and public have yet come up short against this breaking point, though all of us—we believe—are bearing down upon it at a speed which has stunningly accelerated through two Presidencies. Meanwhile, the Press does not interrupt.

Nor, it would seem, does anyone else—including elected representatives in the governments of the states Mr. Nixon visits—if events just prior to the Presidential visit to Iowa are any index.



Unraveled, and according to published postmortems in the Press, this is what happened:

A young (24) Democratic member of the Iowa House from the Mississippi River city of Davenport, Daniel Bray, had agreed to deliver to Mr. Nixon a peace petition signed by 15,000 Iowans living both inside and outside Bray's district. He hoped to make the delivery at some point between the conclusion of the Nixon remarks to the Legislature and the Nixon arrival at his limousine outside the Capitol. Apparently, the petition was never presented.

On the preceding Saturday, the Speaker of the Iowa House was contacted by an advance man for the Nixon retinue. The White House had learned, he told the Speaker, that Representative Bray was planning to embarrass the Administration by rising during the President's speech to ask questions about the Southeast Asia war. What did the Speaker plan to do about *that?* The Speaker didn't know. Subsequently, the White House man phoned "several times," pressing for some sort of action from the Speaker—with the eventual result, on the eve of the President's arrival, that the Speaker asked the Iowa Highway Patrol to assign two of its officers to pay special attention to Bray during Mr. Nixon's remarks, and to eject the representative from the House chamber if he made any move to take the floor. The next morning, Bray was notified of this odd arrangement.

A good bit of political quibbling developed in the aftermath of the President's uneventful appearance in the House chamber. The Speaker of the House insisted he had not done anything unusual; the Highway Patrol had its men inside the Chamber anyway, as a general security measure, and he himself confessed he had "the greatest respect" for Bray. Bray, of course, felt put upon, and he denied any intention to interrupt the President. Democrats, by and large, were annoyed, and felt that the Bray intimidation—together with White House omission of Des Moines's Democratic mayor from its guest list and a local threat to dismiss another Democratic legislator's secretary for her participation in the demonstration against Mr. Nixon—was all politics, and not simply bad manners.

How it came to pass that the White House received even a garbled inkling of Representative Bray's desire to meet Mr. Nixon is a small mystery. The popular reading is that the information came from a tap placed on the telephone belonging to an officer of the Des Moines Moratorium Committee. "Tapomania," Mr. Mitchell would snort, and he might or might not be right.

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The carpeting on the floor of the Iowa House chamber is gold and carries a repeated motif of the initial I enclosed in a circlet of leaves; possibly they are meant to be laurel leaves, as if to imply that the making of legislation here is an act more of poetry than of law. Certainly the 1971 session of the Iowa Legislature—a marathon affair, as usual—was a lesson in the imperfections of representative government, and for all the pleasure state legislatures may take in Mr. Nixon's plans for revenue sharing, few voters would be likely to notice any change in the handling of their taxes under such a program. The unpoetic truth about many state legislatures is that their strongest motive power is supplied by special interest pressures—notably, in Iowa, by the trucking industry lobbies, which had at one point almost persuaded the House to permit unrestricted travel by oversized loads up to 14½ feet wide on highways often only 18 feet in width from shoulder to shoulder. Such sensitivity to the desires of business institutions—as opposed, say, to the wishes of the poor cluck who might have to wheel his family sedan into the handiest ditch—may partly account for the standing ovation accorded, both before and after his remarks, to a President who is himself no mean respondent to special institutional interests.

In any case, the ovation was sincere, and appropriate to the office. Behind the Speaker's rostrum were three portraits in gilded frames—on the left, a painting of George Washington; on the right, a painting of Abraham Lincoln; in the center, raised a few inches above its fellows, a tinted photograph of Mr. Nixon. (Looking at the three, one felt a sinking insight into American history.) The Speaker of the House—sometime government special deputy for internal affairs—introduced Iowa Governor Robert Ray; the Governor introduced Mr. Nixon. At one point in that final introduction, the President was joking with Lieutenant Governor Roger Jepsen; the pleasantries—and the lack of interest in what the Governor was saying—seemed only one more small symbol of the political slipping away of Mr. Ray, who is likely to be jettisoned by his own party next year in favor of Mr. Jepsen. Five minutes later Mr. Nixon was saying, "I know that you are wrestling now with ways of avoiding the prospect of a deficit this year"—though he did not go on to promise that his revenue sharing plan, if enacted, would provide anything like the 26 million dollars the state of Iowa needed this year to balance its books.

By anyone's standards but Mr. Nixon's, it was not much of a speech. A catalog of "firsts": first Nixon visit to Iowa since the 1968 elections, first Nixon appearance before a legislative body since his State of the Union address, first address by an American president to a joint session of the Iowa General Assembly, first visit to Iowa by a President traveling with a substantial representation of his cabinet officers—the sort of catalog Mr. Nixon has been compiling since his inauguration, perhaps in an effort to prove that he never did anything before he moved into the White House. Then a couple of jokes involving Spiro Agnew: 1) "He suggested that if I really wanted to make major news that I might address myself to the subject of the news media . . ." [Wise laughter, since it was in Des Moines that Agnew first hatcheted the Press.] and 2) "That is the most risky idea the Vice President has advanced since he invited me to play golf with him a few weeks ago." [Laughter.]

Finally, the prepared speech. In its mimeographed form, given to the Press in advance, the speech was straightforward enough. It began with a reference to the "new American revolution" and moved directly to an unspecific outline of the benefits of revenue sharing, especially as it might affect rural America. It noted with some justice that Americans were "fed up" with the Federal Government (though the typist had passed up the beauty of the word play by not rendering the phrase as "Fed up"), and that State governments were probably equally competent to spend the citizens' tax money. Concluding, it outlined that section of Mr. Nixon's cabinet reform proposal which would benefit the farmer, and stressed that neither revenue sharing nor cabinet reform is a "partisan" proposal.

The address as Mr. Nixon delivered it was, in many respects, indistinguishable from the advance version, making minor allowances for those homely ad libs which in the President's mind apparently pass for gracenotes of style—a little more of the first person singular pronoun, a little of the personal touch ("I was thinking of that in retrospect as I was preparing my remarks for this occasion," or ". . . because, you see, I have faith, as I'm sure you have, in the people of America . . ."), a frequent use of the first person imperative ("But now let's take it a little beyond that farmer."). Yet two of those interpolations—thinking of them in retrospect—turned out to be unfortunate.

The advance text reads: "Many were shocked when I said in my State of the Union message that most Americans are fed up with government. But we know it's true. They are fed up because they think government costs too much,

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that it doesn't work and that they can't do anything about it."

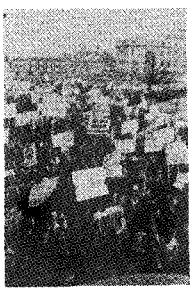
Mr. Nixon *said*: "I realize that many, and particularly many in government—and I am proud to be, as you are proud to be, a man who is in government—I think many in government throughout the land were somewhat shocked or taken aback when I used the colloquial expression that a majority of the American people today are fed up with government. That doesn't mean just government in Washington. But it means government at all levels. But we know it's true . . . ."

The latter version, indeed, is probably the truer, though it must have come as cold water in the face to the Iowa legislators—still feeling mellow after having been told that they "know better than bureaucrats in Washington, D.C., what is best for Iowa," and having been congratulated for being "recently cited by the Citizens' Conference on State Legislatures as one of the best in the nation."

To an earlier point—"These proposals I have made are not Republican proposals or Democratic proposals"—Mr. Nixon added a preface: "I recognize that I speak today before a bipartisan group"—though in the joint session, split in favor of the Republicans 63 to 37 in the House and 38 to 12 in the Senate, there was hardly anyone who shared that recognition. ("Perhaps he meant *bicameral*," someone said later.)

The penultimate paragraph of the speech was Mr. Nixon's final embellishment of the morning: "We meet today at a time when America's involvement in the longest and most difficult war in our history is coming to an end. It is time to turn the great energies of our people to the works of peace in this last third of the twentieth century."

It seemed as he uttered the words an oddly provocative statement; for just an instant one had the sense of a kind of sad embarrassment flickering through the chamber, as if there were hardly a person in the room who did not wish the President could have avoided mentioning the war—only this once. Four days earlier, the week's toll of American dead had reached 101 (59 combat, 42 non-combat deaths), highest since September of 1970; 25 American helicopters had been lost in a Laotian incursion which would turn out to be a near-disaster; outside the Capitol, the shouts and chants of the demonstrators had risen and fallen in counterpoint to Mr. Nixon's twenty-minute call for domestic realignments. Perhaps because it was difficult to believe the war would really end, it



Notes from an Empty City

Washington, April 24

Picture, perhaps as in a surrealist film, the deserted capital of a vast and ancient civilization, its monuments and temples and palaces standing empty above vacant plazas and streets. Through this scene spread a half-million children, their language and their looks alien to the old, all-but-forgotten culture whose inert remains surround them.

In that picture, you have some sense of what it is like here. The emptiness, the remoteness of the world of these great stone buildings, is fantastic. Officials have taken great pains to tell us the President is out of town, the Capitol is closed, the offices are empty. But we knew it already, because they are always empty. There is no confrontation because there is nobody here. Human will, human sensitivity, human accountability have been abdicated. Lie, evasion, make-believe, image-making, had already reached the point where we could hear in Washington's incessant talk only the blowing of the wind through the ruins.

In this vacant set, a half-million people are holding a camp-out, a rally, a picnic, a rock festival. There are workers, blacks, mothers, whole families, a broader participation than in most previous anti-war crowds. But the dominant mood is still young and freaky. When I ask around for people who've been in earlier mass gatherings (to get a crowd estimate to play with), all I can find are Woodstock, not Washington, veterans. Songs draw more attention than speeches. The evening rock concert should be the high point of the day, for those who can get close enough to hear it.

Do not mistake this. The preference for music over speeches, like the preference for a picnic mood over battling the police, does not mean a lessening of radicalism. At its core is a thoroughgoing anarchism. The reason the people around me are not fighting the police is that they do not accept the pretensions of the police. (Some police, acting out their own

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myth, made an arrest at the Washington Monument, and the people have imprisoned them inside the Monument for their presumption). The whole claim of the Government to authority, to a right to respect and attention, seems to have no credibility left.

One of the songs introduced at the Capitol this afternoon is called "Insubordination." Its theme is that more and more people are discovering that insubordination is a liberating thing. It raises a vision of a society of people who never let somebody else tell them what to do. This song articulates more clearly than anything else the profound anarchism of the whole scene. These people appear to have unbounded confidence in common sense and humanity and sharing, and zero confidence in law, management, administration, in ordering our lives together. I do not sense that this is momentary or arguable with them.

"Vice President" Agnew will predictably stress the fact that the demonstrators are a very small percentage of the "American" people. Allowing for those who are not here, and discounting for those who are here but do not share this radical alienation, perhaps one or two percent of the population, mostly young and educated adults, are total anarchists. This seems to me to be a very large and unmanageable force in our public life, nearer to being decisive than negligible.

As we return home, we will leave the monumental ruins to the winds. Abbie Hoffman's "Woodstock Nation" seems, at least for the moment, less of a mythical put-on than Richard Nixon's "America." That scares me. Almost as much as empty Washington.

—David Crownfield

Postscript (after Mayday):

In Washington we could not perceive them: now, in Washington, they turn out not to have perceived us either. When alienation between a government and many of its young people has gone so far that they can no longer recognize each other's very existence, only trouble can follow.—D. C.

was difficult to credit the President's optimism for the remainder of the century.

The speech ended, the ovation rounding it off, we ducked out of the House Chamber ahead of the crowd. Outside we stood in the huge Capitol parking lot—yellow barricades arranged over it like a complex portable labyrinth—to watch the President's party descend the long staircase to the limousines. Mr. Nixon smiled all the way down, waving to the demonstrators behind the flimsy snow-fences as if they were applauding him. It was hardly an ugly crowd—only derisive, full of mockery rather than hatred, chanting the usual anti-war slogans. A few snowballs curved out of the crowd, falling harmlessly; one was caught by someone in the Presidential group.

One apprehensive moment: Midway between the foot of the steps and the opened door of his car, Mr. Nixon paused with his left arm raised to wave; he drew the right hand out of the pocket of his topcoat, and for a moment we thought we were going to see an instant replay of what he had done at San Jose when we climbed atop an auto and returned crowd mockery with that arms-wide, hunchbacked gesture which is a Nixon trademark. That *would* have galvanized the crowd, but this time the gesture never came; a secret service man just behind the President laid his own hand on Mr. Nixon's right sleeve. Both arms went to his sides, and he ducked into the car.

The Des Moines *Register* reported the next morning that "at least one rock," as well as the snowballs, had been thrown at the President as he left the Capitol, but it was the consensus of the out-of-town Press that there never was a rock. It turned out that nearly all of the reporting to come out of Mr. Nixon's Iowa visit was a matter of consensus, and we infer therefore that most of the news from *any* Presidential junket comes from a pooling of the resources at hand—that it is largely a case of reporters interviewing other reporters, sharing tape recordings, getting second-hand what one or two accidentally better-placed reporters were able to get first-hand.

What this means is that the difference be-

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tween the evening news programs on, say, CBS and ABC does not proceed from a difference in source materials (though there does appear to be a marked difference in *filmed* material—our impression is that CBS generally finds better, and often livelier, vantage points), but from differences in emphasis and interpretation. On that score (unsurprisingly), Mr. Agnew manages to be right, but the alternative—for all three networks to present the viewers with an uncut flow of video and audio materials in a format without any reasonable temporal boundaries—is a depressing one, rather like tolerating the whole of Andy Warhol's *Sleep*. Furthermore, the performances of the Nixon Administration on the road are sufficiently similar to produce the sensation that if you've seen one, you've seen them all.

Adding to the sense of sameness is the necessary and impressively efficient work of the White House press staff. Almost by the time the Presidential motorcade had traveled from the Capitol to the Hotel Fort Des Moines, mimeographed copies of the Nixon address as actually delivered appeared in the hotel Press Room. A half-hour later, copies of the President's remarks outside the hotel (dealing with his reaction to that morning's bomb explosion in Washington) were distributed, even as most of the Press were straining to copy his words from a tape recording amplified through a hastily-devised loudspeaker system. (". . . The violent people . . . would like to keep the President in Washington . . .," said Mr. Nixon.) Right-place-right-time accidents aside, the only other "news" source consisted of "photo opportunities" ("reels first, then stills") announced at intervals (the President was lunching with members of the Rural Development conference, and Press representation was limited to farm editors), or briefings held in a hotel meeting room similar to the one converted—by the presence of portable typewriters, and telephones on folding tables—into the Press Room.

Though arrangements like these are probably inevitable, it is easy to see their shortcomings, providing as they do a kind of equal-opportunity system which makes useful competition among members of the Press difficult, if not impossible. Thus, whether it wants to or not, the Federal establishment "manages" the news; it *has* to—the bureaucracy is too vast, either for the Press to gather an army of sufficient size really to cover it, or for the Government to allow every bureaucrat in Washington to give his own little version of the great scheme of things which some superior must the next day modify. This sort of unintentional news management is doubly bad, since a hungry journalist who realizes that his information is just the same as everyone else's information feels compelled to interpret, to embellish, to read in—the form and direction of his compulsion dictated only by his own inventiveness. The journalist is obliged to become a columnist, whether he has a by-line or not. (As matters stood in Des Moines, there was no need for the large contingent of the Press which tagged along with the President. One camera crew and one facile reporter could have done the job for all.) The only novelty available to individual newsmen in the face of so huge an establishment is gossip, rumor, and idle speculation; it is an imperfect set-up, imperfectly serving the American people.

But it is hard to think of anything better. So far as access to the President is concerned, nothing works if the President does not help it work. It makes no difference how Mr. Nixon meets the Press—chatting with the anchor-men of the tv networks, sitting across from Howard K. Smith, facing the Press Corps in the East Room of the White House; he is the master of the media. He may evade questions or talk them to death or deliver canned answers. He may—since he *is* the President—refuse to respond, or even cut the interview short. At his June 1 press conference, the only one since his inauguration at which follow-up questions were asked (four questions, three of them consecutive, raised the terrifically important matter of Constitutional rights during the mass arrests in Washington at the beginning of May), Mr. Nixon—though obviously flustered and irritated—was able successfully to misinterpret the questions and avoid a direct answer. Ordinarily, the odds against the asking of more than two successive questions on a single topic are astronomical. Certainly *more* press conferences would be an improvement of sorts, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Nixon mistrusts the Press so deeply as to subscribe to a system which guarantees the mistrust will be compounded.

The only real briefing in Des Moines was conducted by Mr. Hardin, the Agriculture Secretary. (Ronald Ziegler, who *was* to have led it, bowed out an hour beforehand; "I'm going to have somebody else do the briefing on the Rural Development meeting," he told a reporter. "I don't know anything about that farm crap.") Hardin tried gamely to take an optimistic view of the farmers' economic problems: "It's dollars that are spent—not indices," he told the reporters, though he admitted not many of the dollars were filtering down to the farmers. Reminded

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that parity had stood at 74% when the Nixon Administration took office, and was presently down to 71%, Hardin conceded the problem. "It will go lower," he said, almost as a throw-away line, but truthful; parity in April was down to 69%.

Driving home from Des Moines that afternoon, we tried to get some sort of purchase on the day's activity. It was a non-event, surely, memorable for the trivia it produced: the two Iowa businessmen at lunch in the hotel, reminiscing about FDR ("he was always pasty-looking, with black circles around his eyes") and Herbert Hoover ("He said to me—this was in 1937—when I asked him about Justice Hugo Black, 'Yes, I know Senator Black. He's never showed me he could be a police court judge.' "), and lamenting the throwing of eggs outside Nixon's hotel; the Iowa legislator who sat in the House chamber with a transistor radio tuned to the President's speech, creating for himself a private stereo; the trio of United Airlines stewardesses who brightened the Press bus with their vivid orange uniforms and chattered breathlessly about the luck which had drawn them the day's charter, and who were full of praise for the kindness of the Press corps (the Press had gotten them in to luncheon with Mrs. Nixon); even some reportorial smalltalk ("I owe you a lunch —I didn't mean for you to pay the check." "That's all right; I'll drink it up.").

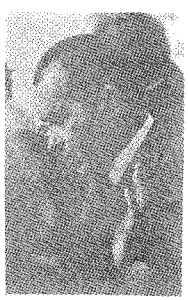
The day should have been more important, we thought. It had been a hard winter for Iowa. The state's highways, pounded by heavy snows and successive freezes and thaws, are now in unbelievably sad shape, and the whole state network badly needs updating—widening as well as re-surfacing. Iowa's fiscal problems are monumental; property taxes—already burdensome in most parts of the state—are no longer sufficient to carry the increasing cost of education, industrial output has diminished, housing starts have been in the doldrums; though farm production and income increase year by year, the farmers' profits are shrinking. Money here is so tight that it is next to impossible for municipal governments to get any sort of bond issue past the voters—a circumstance which speeds the deterioration of government services and is slowly destroying the public school system. The cost of living in Iowa is in many cities as much as nine per cent above the national average. The only people not seriously hurt by the money bind are the retailers; the consumer continues to consume —cars, boats, trailers, appliances—and we take this as an index to the profound despair (there's no tomorrow; whatever happens, we're going to live high on the hog until the end) that grips the country at large.

In any case, the President's revenue sharing plan ought to have generated an excitement here that we never caught. Instead, the day was an exercise in glibness and insulation—none of the hard questions answered, none of the gut issues confronted, not even a touch of compassion or charisma to help soften the agonies most citizens feel in 1971. Perhaps even Mr. Nixon felt the day was a failure—the Iowa visit was his first and his last for the purpose of enlisting support for revenue sharing (the job has since passed to the Vice President)—or perhaps he was simply put off by the demonstration which jeered him.

Either way, the day was summed up for us by a sign attached to a farm fence along U.S. Route 65 outside Des Moines: "This sign don't say nothing," it read.

As a symbol, it said everything.

It is possible to be sympathetic toward Mr. Nixon, but not very deeply, and mostly for the wrong reasons. His chief social virtue is ineptitude—the attractive inability to act at ease in any sophisticated milieu, or to speak gracefully under circumstances of important stress, or to lead the grand march at the charity ball without treading on his partner's gown. What makes him attractive is the simple truth that most of the rest of us are similarly inept. When the President returns from abroad in a pouring rain and stammers: "Well, I'd rather be known as Nixon the rainmaker than Nixon the troublemaker," and then turns on that difficult grin which suggests he is trying to bring back to life facial muscles dead for years—we are embarrassed *for* him, not *by* him. When his voice trembles during one of his rare Press conferences, giving answers which



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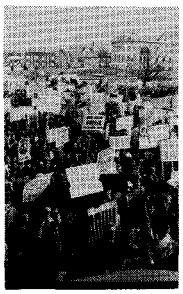
are lame and circumlocutory—our first thought is not that he is trying to dissemble, but that he is scared stiff.

The truth is that Mr. Nixon—as a kind of all-American wallflower—has a lot of personal charm for much of the country's beer-and-television voting public. He is clumsy in genteel situations, and so are the voters. His tastes in books and films and music are unabashedly middle-brow, and so are the tastes of the voters. He would rather watch a professional football game than the David Frost show, and so would the voters. He isn't much of a public speaker, but he tries, and the voters know how hard it is to get up in front of an audience. In short, Mr. Nixon is the serious sort of neighbor who takes the Dale Carnegie course and runs for office in the Toastmasters' Club.

The carry-over from this middle-class zeal for personal self-improvement into the political realm is beginning to seem slight. While we ourselves are not wise enough to attempt any analysis of 1968's voting statistics, perhaps *only* the perverse personal charms got Mr. Nixon his shaky victory. Neither of his rivals—Wallace with his posture of honest demagoguery, Humphrey with his wholly inappropriate puppyishness—were particularly attractive, and all the really political questions were foreclosed by the notion that the party out of power—and therefore not locked-in to a seven-year-old policy—could not help but disengage the country from Vietnam. (That Mr. Nixon was able to turn a 15-point lead into a one-point victory margin seems now to be a tribute to the collective American intelligence.) We are convinced that, out of habit, Mr. Nixon never believed he would be elected; winning in spite of himself, he was obliged to improvise his Presidency.

What has happened is precisely what would have happened if your Dale Carnegie/*Reader's Digest*/Toastmaster neighbor had suddenly been elevated to a position of power and relative wealth. He buys real estate. He travels. He becomes less accessible. He has large opinions on matters about which he *knows* very little. He hires people who cannot intimidate him—and, if they do, he fires them. He surrounds himself with old cronies whose only qualifications for particular tasks are that they like him. He indulges his hobbies. When he cannot have his way, he is petulant. When he can, he is insufferable. When he makes mistakes, he blames others for them. Never having had so much power, he worries constantly about losing it and schemes constantly to retain it.



None of this is to suggest that the Nixon Administration has been all bad. Remarkable notions have come from it—notions of guaranteed minimum income, revisions of bureaucracy, getting money into the treasuries of hapless states and cities—and remarkable achievements may yet come from the new China policy, from the SALT talks, from the discussions with the USSR of troop reductions in Europe. Still, the first Nixon term is well over half gone by, and nothing really has changed except the language. Inflation grows, unemployment increases, the dollar stumbles, the environment decays, the black and the young are more disaffected than ever, the war in Asia grinds on and its effects deepen the country's gloom. Even the old b & t constituency has begun to turn off. While Mr. Nixon was landing in Des Moines, the polls were showing his popularity at a new low of 51%. A month later, 73% of the public wanted to be completely out of Southeast Asia by the end of this year. In May, 67% felt Mr. Nixon was not telling *all* about the war. Throughout the period, other polls suggested that the President was running consistently behind Senator Muskie, "if the elections were held today" (though we think it is not very likely that Mr. Muskie will *be* the Democrats' candidate next year).

Mr. Nixon seems not yet to have recognized that the only way to overcome this rising odor of unpopularity may be to accept the advice that various Commissions have been giving him for the last two years—to assume the moral leadership of the country. So far, he has been unable to do so—for the simple reason that he has not yet grasped the distinction between *the President* and *the Presidency*. The President is a political entity, a man who must campaign for votes and get himself elected. The Presidency is a moral and legal entity; it is above politics and its importance overshadows the men who occupy the office. Mr. Nixon is willing to be held accountable for the political job, but he doesn't seem to know what it means to be accountable for the larger office.

Thus the whole notion of "accountability," as it seems to exist in Mr. Nixon's mind, is a skewed one. It is ominously reminiscent of the magnetic tape salvaged from the crash of a jet aircraft in England last year; on that tape one was able to hear the voice of the plane's co-pilot—whose error in manipulating the flaps had caused the accident—saying over and over: "Oh, God, I'm sorry . . . . I'm really sorry," to the pilot struggling beside him at the controls. And he was indeed sorry, desperately so, with a sorrow whose sincerity was manifest in his voice—yet the plane crashed, all lives lost.

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Politically, economically, morally, much the same thing is happening to America. The country is crashing; the President is saying—in that perverse way of his—not that he *is* sorry, but that he *will be* sorry if this or that program does not work out, if the war does not end, if inflation does not stop, if employment does not improve, and so on. Worst of all, the President's sorrow-in-advance takes the egocentric and impossible form of: If I wreck the country, then you may replace me.

It is difficult to accept this limited version of the meaning of accountability without feeling resentment. A wreck, after all, is a wreck; one does not fly it again as if it were an aluminum phoenix. Human error is human error; one gains nothing by hauling the corpse from the ruins and handing it a pink slip. Charred passengers are exactly that, and nothing more; one cannot dress them in clean clothes and send them back to the routines of their former lives. That Mr. Nixon can believe it is all right for him to muck around with the country however he wishes, just so long as he stands for re-election in 1972, is a great and deep frustration.

The frustration is intensified when one considers some of the actions for which the President prefers *not* to be held accountable. He is not—he tells us—accountable for the sad fact that his Administration hardly ever tells the truth; *that* is the fault of the Press—especially CBS. He is not accountable for the nomination of two successive moral ciphers to serve on the Supreme Court; indeed, he turns accountability the other way and makes a peevish attack on the Senate. He is not accountable for the condition of the economy; that is something he inherited, and until recently he has been content to let it go its own way, taking jobs with it as it goes.

In short, Mr. Nixon is accountable only when he chooses, and only for items of his own capricious selection.

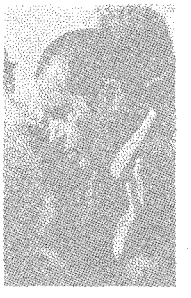
The United States probably can't afford to re-elect Richard Nixon in 1972; it can scarcely afford to sit out the remainder of his first term—if these last two years are to proceed as the first two have—and yet the men who presently stand in the line of succession to his office should he resign or be impeached are such as to make dreams of either resignation or impeachment seem foolish dreams indeed. No one would suggest—nor do we—that the Presidency is an "easy" office; its demands on any man who assumes it are more than extravagant—they are awesome, crushing, so towering a burden of responsibility that they suggest the time has come to reconsider a system of government which leans so heavily on one man. But if Mr. Nixon as President has any genuine sense of the implications of his office, it does not show except in his rhetoric, and even in his rhetoric the responsibility of being President is turned into selfish burlesque.

If Mr. Nixon is to have any place in the history books beyond the simple inclusion of his name in the list of American Presidents, the space alloted him will have to read something like this:

"Mr. Nixon was a man of small imagination (some say none) elected on a platform of platitudes whose banality his administration was unable to live up to."

What better will be said of him, some inventive historian must say. Certainly history will be struck by the "easiness" of his time in office, the arrogantly casual manner in which he and his cabinet officers came to grips with serious matters. In each of a host of situations—his contempt for the Supreme Court as measured by his unsuccessful appointments to it, his disregard for justice as indicated both by his prejudgments of important trials and his "strategies" undercutting the progress of America's racial minorities, his obtuseness in the face of the young, his moral laziness in allowing the Southeast Asia war to overflow its former boundaries in the name of a deathly-expensive peter-ing-out of American involvement—came the eternal coda: *If I am wrong, you don't have to re-elect me.* And the eternal reprise when the facts suggested he *was* wrong: *You can't trust the Press.*

It is by the confusion of *importance* with *self-importance, justice* with *judgment, truth* with *expediency*—and countless other artlessly stupid moral substitutions—that Mr. Nixon by the spring of 1971 had finally succeeded in opening the eyes of a substantial number of the citizens he was attempting to rule. We are sufficiently provincial to look upon the President's visit to Iowa, and the reception he received, as symbolic of an emerging truth which will free us of him. God willing, we can endure until the 1972 election; God caring, Mr. Nixon will lose. □



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THE THRESHOLD

A Story by Victor Power

Padraig lay on his elbows beside the newmade stock of oats, the fresh stubbles, yellow needles, prodding his bare knees. He stuck a spear of grass between his teeth and watched the small black insects try to scale the steel walls of the gallon that Uncle Peter had placed in the shade between two sheaves. The machine rattled from the top of the headland. A venturesome spider dropped from the ears of corn into the water.

Uncle Peter shouted encouragement to the horses as they nodded against the hill. The postboy had crossed the field earlier on, taking a short cut. He joked Uncle Peter for being out so early in the morning, working. Uncle Peter grinned, his black stubble moist already.

"I'm not working," he answered, "It's the horses work . . . . . I'm only the fecken gaffer telling them what to do." Uncle Peter always used tough language with men.

As the horses came up the hill Padraig thought how true it was; they were working, the sweat glistening on their backs, haunches straining, muscles rippling, tails absentmindedly flyswatting across their backs. A pity they couldn't go down the bridle path to the sea and cool their hot flesh in the water. Maybe they'd give a little scream like a lobster thrown into the pot. Imagine them racing down, hooves thudding on the dry drum of the path. The relief of the water getting under the sweat. Just down there. Padraig peered over his shoulder at the great jagged outcrops of grass that marked the edge of the cliff, scotchgrass that Uncle Peter warned him away from because it was overhanging, as if the cliffs were trimmed with a blunt scissors. A fellow would get a great fall off of the cliff if he stood on grass like that jutting over the edge. And no warning. Padraig shivered slightly.

The tide was on the turn and in the distance he could see a speck that focused into two small figures approaching. They kept stopping and moving and then one of them knelt and poked at something in the sand. It must be Brendan Regan and Tom Lawlor from the village but they were too far away to be certain.

"Hey, Padraig." It was Uncle Peter calling. He stopped the reaper and binder and threw the reins slack over the horses. With one mind, both horses slewed sideways and started munching the next swath of uncut oats. Padraig got up, picked up his ashplant which Uncle Peter cut for him for the fairday, and brought over the gallon to his uncle.

"Grannie said the dinner will be ready in half an hour," said Padraig. Uncle Peter grunted, wiped his glistening bald head with his cap, and wiped it down his neck. He took the gallon, fished out the floating spider and some chaff, and gulped the lukewarm water. Padraig toed a sheaf of oats, turned it over.

"Will you let me drive the horses, Uncle Peter?" he asked listlessly, knowing what the answer would be but you never knew. Wouldn't it be great to be sitting on the binder opposite Brendan and Tom who were older and whose people had no binder at all?

Uncle Peter buttoned his torn waistcoat and rolled his shirtsleeves higher. Then as an afterthought he turned out to sea and began to relieve himself.

"Will you?"

"What's that?" Uncle Peter broke wind and grunted.

"Will you let me drive the horses, Uncle Peter?"

"There's a rock ahide in the oats somewhere and you'd only break the knife on me."

Padraig made a face which Uncle Peter barely caught. He buttoned up and his eyes lost their glaze. He forced a heartiness, to take the harm out of his refusal.

"Sure what would a Dublin Jackeen like you know about horses anyway?" He moved over to the binder. "Can't you sit down by yourself in the sun. It's a pity you can't stook."

"I could, Uncle Peter, only for the thistles and the nettles. Grannie said she's not going to take out any more thorns out of me. And didn't I milk the blue cow this morning?"

"You didn't do bad at all." Uncle Peter's voice sounded far away as if he was already thinking of something else. He tossed the gallon out of the way.

"Well can I drive the horses? Just one time around?" Uncle Peter bent and slapped a dozen horseflies between the horses' front legs. They had their heads buried like ostriches in the twitching pectoral muscles. His hand came away, blood covered.

"The poor beasts," he said wiping his palm on the thighs of his corduroy trousers, "they could do with a set of tails in front as well." He swung into the iron chair.

"I'll tell you what," said Uncle Peter as he hauled in the reins, "I'll tell you what . . . . ." Still munching, the horses straightened their necks, collars and hames crashing back on their shoulders.

VICTOR POWER is a native of Ireland and describes himself as "primarily a playwright." His play WHO NEEDS ENEMIES? *was premiered in April at the University of Iowa.*

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"I'll tell you what, young fellow . . . . . Next year when you come down for your holidays, I'll let you drive the mare to the creamery. Now." He slapped the horses with the reins. The binder started again like a sewing machine.

Padraig watched it go 'round the corner on a new swath; the bundled sheaves spewed out in columns along the flattened stubbles where the heavy central wheel had sunk a narrow path the last time 'round.

Padraig picked up the empty gallon, went slowly to the edge of the field. The lacefringed tide beneath flushed and spread towards him like something spilt. Beyond, the herds of waves rolled in, heads high with the burden they were rushing ashore, ridges of waves further out—coming in threes, Uncle Peter had said. But they tired before they reached the dry sand.

The boys were coming nearer. Yes, it was Brendan and Tom. Would he join them or not? He always felt uneasy when they were together though each of them was all right on his own. Padraig sat near the edge of the cliff above the sedge, the long grass with an odd thistle stiff against his bare legs, the sound of the binder muffled behind him by the blanket of oats. Only the hum of insects flying, the cries of sandmartins swooping over the cliff face.

Padraig sat watching the pair of them, wondering, yet wanting to join them. He felt sometimes that they were drawing him out, and would laugh about him afterwards. A gull winged low over the cliff, spiralled to the water's edge. Funny how even the seagulls seemed different here from the harsh Liffey gulls that argued and squawked in the backgarden at home early in the morning. You heard them here only faintly, far out to sea around the boiling patch of water that Uncle Peter said was the mackerel coming in. The boys were dawdling nearer.

Padraig felt a cold nudge on his elbow. It was Shep's wet nose and the dog wagged its tail. It must be tired following the binder.

"Poor old Shep," said Padraig stroking. "Come on for a walk." The dog responded by stepping over him, tail wagging furiously. "Get away," said Padraig laughing, "Get away . . . ." Padraig rolled away pushing at the dog, then sat up and took off his sandals. The dog loped confidently towards the path.

Padraig's toes clung into sockets of sand as he made his way over the cliff where it wasn't so steep, hands holding onto tufts of grass, sandals tied together around his neck. The gallon and stick he had already pitched ahead onto the strand.

A few feet above the final sandbank, Padraig paused. A black cormorant on the far rocks had her wings outstretched, drying them in the sun after her dive. She turned this way and that, airing them like a fussy old woman. Padraig gathered himself, bunching his legs, and jumped on to the strand. The bird snapped her wings shut like a fan, and flew away, her long head full of curiosity as she made out to sea. Shep made off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull.

Padraig retrieved his stick and his gallon, and walked towards the boys. Brendan had freckles, he was twelve, and he had spikey black hair. Tom, overgrown for his age, wore long pants cut down from his father's. Tom followed Brendan everywhere, his head shaved like a collie where his father put the bowl on his head to shape it, leaving only a forelock.

The boys glanced in Padraig's direction, then watched the dog barking the water's edge, seaward, brave. A gannet pointed his bill to the sky and took flight.

Padraig had gone birdnesting many times with Brendan along the cliffs. He had pointed out to Padraig the flying curlew coming from the bogs in the evening, fluting its notes, bubbly as if its mouth was full of water. Padraig liked Brendan on his own, but when Tom was with him, he seemed to change. When Padraig made a remark, they would greet it in silence. They didn't read any comics, and so they had no interest in Rockfist Rogan or Desperate Dan. So Padraig told them about visiting the thirty-seven different Cribs last Christmas in Dublin, going all over the city on his bike. But they didn't seem very interested. Brendan talked about the local football team and their next match, and Tom listened, nodding his head like an old man and since Padraig didn't know any of the names, he couldn't join in.

But Brendan was great in the evenings when they would go out with a flashlamp and ashplants, to dazzle the rabbits. In the dusk, Brendan would point out the hayfield where the corncrake was, its grating call like the town hall clock being wound. They tried to locate it but the sound seemed to be always somewhere else in the field. Brendan explained that if you got two rough-edged bones and scraped them against one another, you could call the bird right up to you in the dark. Padraig spent a day looking for a carcass and found one picked clean in the bog where an old cow had died. But try as he might, he never managed to get the corncrake to appear and when he asked Brendan to do it, Brendan said he had to go home.

Padraig's bare feet slapped the sand. He dragged his stick looking back impersonally at his tracks, that Uncle Peter said were crooked as a ram's piss on the road. The other boys were searching in the rocks bunched together near the water, looking for crabs.

"Hello Brendan," said Padraig nonchalantly. He raked the sand with his toes, and hollowed out a sphere.

"Did you see e'er a fox just now, Padraig?" asked Brendan. Padraig shook his head.

"She was playing with her cubs down hether overright the cliffs."

"Do foxes come out in the daytime?" asked Padraig. The boys locked glances and smiled. Padraig reddened.

"Course they do," Brendan said, "You often sees them playing and you sees the mother teaching them to lie down."

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"You mean," said Padraig heavily, "vixens." He remembered that from school.

Brendan ignored the remark.

"And she pucks them with her paw if they don't," he continued. Tom nodded.

Padraig looked sharply at him but he was serious.

Tom came in eagerly. He always spoke in gusts of enthusiasm, rapidly.

"One time I seen a big badger and she bringing her cubs out of the sun. Then bejasus in with her again and she took out her nest to dry it."

"What do you take me for?" asked Padraig with heat, more at the fact that Tom could swear so easily and with impunity than at his story. The last time he had sworn himself, the day before the circus, Uncle Peter called him a bleddy tipper for using language like that, and said, as he broke off a branch of a tree above the stable where they were walking:

"If I hear you using language like that again, I'll tan the bleddy arse off of you red as the *Messenger*. You mightn't have any father but begod I'll teach you." Then Uncle Peter threw away the branch. It was only when Padraig said he was sorry that Uncle Peter relented and brought him to the circus, next day.

There was a pause.

Then Brendan said quietly, "It's true. I seen it meself."

"Then," continued Tom, "in with the fox backwards into the hole like this," Tom mimed, "and he waiting for the badger to come home . . . ."

"Aye," said Brendan, "and when the badger herself backed in, the way she could watch everything, the fox was ready for her . . . ."

"And," broke in Tom eager to finish the story, "he took one bite out of the badger and from that day on the fox lived in the hole without the trouble of making one for himself and the badger never came back."

"You mean 'vixen,' " said Padraig.

"What?" said Tom.

"You said 'fox,' " said Padraig, "when you should have said 'vixen.' "

"What are you talking about?" blustered Tom.

"A female fox is called a vixen," explained Padraig slowly relishing his victory.

Tom was silent. Brendan, fixing his eyes on Padraig, said:

"That was a different story. Tom was talking about a male fox, weren't you, Tom?"

Tom nodded.

"Anyway," said Padraig, "I think it's a stupid story and I don't believe it."

If he was expecting a challenge he didn't get one.

"Foxes is cute," said Brendan finally. "I believe it."

Padraig sniffed. He picked up a stone and pegged it out to sea.

"I bet you can't make it hop three times," said Brendan. Selecting a stone, wafer thin, he skimmed it over the water. It nicked the surface several times before it sank into the froth of a wave.

Padraig and Tom started to peg stones after it, each claiming how many times his stone had hopped. Shep ran quivering to the water's edge, raised a dripping foreleg and whined. The water sheeted towards him.

"Where I live," said Padraig after they tired of the game and sat down, "we have buses as big as the cliff."

"There's a bus passing through here twice a week," said Brendan blithely.

"But my father used to drive a double-decker all day through the city," said Padraig. "You only have a single-decker here. Anyone can drive an ordinary bus, but my father used to drive a double-decker. I bet you never even saw a double-decker?"

They were silent again. Tom turned with a smirk.

"Your old fellow is dead. My father is alive, your father drank himself to . . ."

Brendan turned suddenly and struck Tom as Padraig bunched his fists getting up. Brendan turned to Padraig and pushed him away.

"Leave him alone Padraig," he said, "he's only an eejit." Padraig thought he saw Brendan winking at Tom but he couldn't be sure. His stomach felt sick. They lay down on the spit of sand, knees up, heels grinding into the beach.

"Look," said Brendan after a while, "can you see that gull high up?"

"I sees it," said Tom shielding his eyes, "up there." It was a tiny speck.

"A sign of good weather," said Brendan, "It's the *gadhairin na bainne beirithe*."

"What's that?" asked Padraig resentfully.

"A jacksnipe that comes out of a fine evening and flies around high up with a dive out of him every now and again so that the wind whistling through his tail feathers makes a bleating class of a sound. If you weren't in the know, you'd swear it was a goat cruising around in the sky."

"How do you know?" asked Padraig.

"I hears the old people saying it," said Brendan complacently. "They calls it *gadhar na trathnona*." Padraig said nothing.

"O we'll have fine weather," continued Brendan, "I seen the curlew last night and he heading out to sea. He saluted me and he passing with three roars out of him. That's a good sign. It's bad if he's heading for the bog."

Padraig scraped a pattern with his stick. The Shep, interest awakened, scraped industriously beside him.

"O look," said Tom, "Brendan, the bird is landing beyond."

"A wild duck," offered Padraig.

"A shell drake it is," said Brendan with maddening conviction.

The bird landed twenty yards away on yellow webbed feet, its black head bobbing above its white collar. It stood for a moment and twisted its head toward the boys. Reassured, it picked at a clump of oily seaweed. Padraig sat up, a rough stone turning in his palm. He

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tightened his grip and for no reason, flung the stone, strongly. It looped in the air. The duck ruffled its feathers and kicked off from the ground. Airborne. The stone caught it on the head. The duck swung sideways and fell, fluttering. The dog bounded forward, took the bird in his mouth.

"Let go," shouted Padraig springing to his feet. As he ran, the dog let it go.

The duck tilted sideways, a vessel becalmed.

"Her leg is broke, bejasus," whispered Tom. Padraig turned, a sudden sickness in his mouth. The others watched, big-eyed, silent, gaze focused on the bird. It fluttered, then collapsed again. Its long black neck twisted as it watched, first with one eye, then the other. The dog lunged forward again. Padraig found himself shrieking, then, ashamed of the pain in his voice, struck the bird behind the head with the stick. The neck recoiled, the duck struggled lopsided for a few feet. It spun around in a circle like a wounded aeroplane and flopped down. Its yellow beak was covered with wet sand. A trickle of blood appeared, flowing into the sand. Padraig struck again. The boys, faces twisted, turned their heads away but their eyes were captured, locked onto the bleeding bird.

"Kill him," shouted Padraig in a voice high-pitched. He picked up his sandals, beat the duck hard, then kicked it with his bare instep. The duck toppled over, landed on its back, feathers spreadeagled, clumsy. It fluttered, somersaulted, then it was upright again.

"Her back is broke," said Tom softly. The duck watched them again, one of its eyes blinded with sand. Suddenly it opened its beak wide and blood poured out, a leap of purple. It shook its head, tremored. Its beak dropped sideways on the sand, the near eye blinked, stayed open, a small brown marble, shiny.

"Dead," announced Padraig. He turned the bird over with his stick. The wings fell limply as it rolled. A stir of wind. Faint rattle of the binder. Silence again.

"Out of pain," he said, "I had to kill it." No answer. He felt brave. Rhythm of water, hissing, drawing.

"Do you want it, Brendan?" Brendan looked at him expressionless, shrugged, shook his head like an old man. Padraig looked at Tom, but could read no friendship.

Padraig walked away whistling, dragging his stick across the fresh webbed footprints in the sand. The dog bounded after him, ran alongside and licked his hand. With sudden fury, Padraig pushed the animal aside. Shep came back again.

"Go away," shouted Padraig, and kicked the dog. "Can't you go away?"

He made for the cliff. Halfway up, he looked back. The two figures stood still, leaning over the dead duck. The dog had gone back to them and they patted its head. Then they moved away. The dog followed.

The noise of the binder came clearer as Uncle Peter rounded the headland. There was a distant whistle and the noise stopped. Grannie always used Uncle Peter's old referee whistle to call the men in. Uncle Peter could hear it above the noise. It must be dinnertime. □

DAVID LUNDE

AN IMAGINARY POINT

Aligning the sights
with an imaginary point
slightly behind the left shoulder
where a faint palpitation
indicated the heart's regular pulsation
I directed the aperture of my weapon
toward the target
and applying tension to the trigger
with my right forefinger
I detonated the cartridge
and propelled one ounce approximately
of size six spherical lead shot
toward the imaginary point
beneath which the heart pulsed regularly
until the shot made contact
and only slightly delayed
by an eighth-inch thick layer
of russet and turquoise feathers
penetrated fat, muscle and thin bone
and pierced the left ventricle
which impaired its function as a compression
chamber, interrupting its regular pulsation
and causing the flow of blood
through the vital organs to diminish greatly
which in turn severely restricted their ability
to regulate the life processes
and caused them in a brief period of time
to cease completely, which cessation
was outwardly indicated
by a palpable stillness
beneath an imaginary point
just behind the left shoulder.

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THE FIRST SPECTATOR AND THE LAST

A STORY BY LAWRENCE STURHAHN

On the platform drops of rain are falling. Streams of water pour off the arcade eaves and people, wearing slick rain gear, hurry towards the open doors. The sky is black—a little girl not looking in the right place, frowning, waving at nothing until S—— turns her face, pointing. She lights up. . . I swear there are stars in her eyes as the train jerks, beginning motion in the rain, taking me away. I hold the sooty steel door, waving fiercely back. I see (I swear) a little face bright as the sun. She waves goodbye—goodbye—

It is more than one and yet it is only one . . . one trip from which scenes play on white and there are hidden speakers. It seems very real doesn't it? From the stony top of a hill . . . wind . . . leather creaking—I see nothing man made for mile and mile. Land lies within my range, pale brown shading into blue, mountain shadows at its rim. Indifference . . . in clean air the curb chain on my horse's bridle chings. Silence . . . space . . . distance has a presence. Pressure in my head and it happens on the screen behind my eyes, but I suspect the danger (*the pain*) waiting; I am guilty of responsibility. Does a story . . . does life have linear progression—? These characters are people I know? Faces with makeup, perfected by cosmetics, healthful yet not real. A commune lies behind the land's crest. My horse's name is *Actify*. She smiles, seeing what her doing to herself is doing to me. Pictures, flashing without sound. Who is that? Moaning in pain . . .

I leave my daughter in the frozen cold of February, stopping to see a dying man, driving frantically north and . . .

. . . There on the road in a Chevrolet five years old, bloated construction of a car-top carrier, swaying in the dusk in Indiana, westering, playing tag for miles—hand signals, half heard shouts (. . . OFF RIGHT NEXT INTERCHANGE . . . HAVE A DRINK . . .) The wind is cold in middle America, the sinking sun slants into my eyes. Dim—brand new—plastic *Olde English Pub* in Sundance Motel, salesmen in wrinkled suits and wash-n'-dry shirts look at the short heavy woman . . . not the girl I saw driving . . . with a pleasant tense face. Her breasts fall under the green turtleneck. She is 35 years old—38—

> *I left three kids with their father—I am going to San Diego, but I'm late. Maybe he won't hold the job . . . you know? I will drive on tonight—after this, but this is nice . . . I am not free . . .*

An audience of one in an empty theatre, seeing super-figures on the screen, remote and flat— *No!* Small means humanness, rich and failed. Her naked body shows her scars; she stands by the fireplace, and her hand . . . her own finger . . . that is the other one. And S—— knows I am leaving, moving restlessly within a circle of aloneness, so deep . . . so deep! Spreading them, she stands beside the bed. There is no bottom with this line: that—I suppose—you can say I found out is true. Two of us suffer in an enervating space. What is there? That's the trouble, a negative thing, space is not empty . . . is it? Nothing is empty? Nothing is nothing—

I mean to tell this straight. I want a mirror image of it happening for the sake of proof that is supposed to lie at the trip's end. Ha! —another lie . . drive out of the city February (if that is an illusion I still want it straight) when the garbage is piled up even in a middle class street. Children poo-poo, playing in it; rats will come from the docks. Filthy sneaky phantoms . . . *Plague!* Leave your child and poisoned little teeth slash her ankle to the bone. Morning—the last of it goes in the red car —typewriter—books—guitar—

A camera with 135mm *Elmarit* f1:2.8 lens I use to photograph everything, faces of lonely women, a black church in Bennington against the dawn, through the windshield to super roads; substitute for my eyes, and the black barrel of the lens keeps people back . . . They don't come out, so maybe the camera wasn't loaded? I abandon cassettes of exposed film in drug stores along the way? No contact sheets . . . no long shiny negatives . . . *wait!* I find two blow-ups, both grainy, strange. A traffic interchange in St. Louis and west on I-40 in New Mexico just before—

—In Taos—caparisoned indians, winter dust, a young wife whispers, turning up her blond face—blue eyes, high cheekbones, perfect teeth, soft breast . . . her voice saying, thank you for electing me. I win, and the prize is one year's tuition at State. She is perfection—a hungry hiss issues from between her rosebud lips . . .

> *—watching you . . . you know that! I want you, yeah—want you! Want to fuck you! Right now! I am climbing up the wall—*

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The car, loaded on a morning when winter sun is not going to penetrate, the cardboard box (*Books—Trip*) in reach of the front seat. Do I read . . . notes written about it might make a book about America (Americka—?) . . . will it go on without some kind of climax?

". . . Invent brown mountains in the distance only a mile or two away, yet in between is space and motion that stretches on for hours . . . high, snow-covered, burned by a bright winter sun. . .

". . . Kansas City, Kansas: I am frightened, not thinking whether the plane is going to get down is a conscious act, but the boy sitting in the other seat:

—Heh! That's lightning!

—Shut up, kid—

The plane is bumping like it's broken. A rough road in the sky, but down below the ground is hard. We swing around again under black clouds in the middle of the day. Big city Kansas people get on (afterwards) with sophisticated expressions on their faces, bored with the danger of a tornado. They are religious and undramatic. Shit—that sky is black! The wind roars and whistles like something purple, and the girl who has been lying on the floor between the seats, blond fuzz on her bare thighs below a mini-skirt, manages to rise. She does not need the stretcher they take out of the ambulance that meets us—

I tell you I don't know either. That is the way it plays. I am trying to see it all, but I can't. One box of books in the back seat and another one I bury in the trunk. My courage is ebbing, or my insanity is dissolving. Last night: my child lies sleeping as we— We shake hands in front of a red door, S—— I—

—Where is Daddy? She asks in the morning, but many times, in other nights I bend to kiss her lips and she turns her head— Where is Daddy? (Selfish bitch!) She asks it in the morning and I hear her voice in the grey noon 200 miles away, after I pass the park where the old woman in a black coat sits, a crumpled brown shopping bag between her knees—

When S—— says goodbye she calls me by my name, and I lean down to kiss her mouth. But she turns her face away. I laugh—yes—responsible, not trying to hide it. A dark night, cold in front of our friend's house, and in the morning I drive past the park where an old woman with a black coat . . . She says goodbye and calls my name so I lean down to kiss her lips, but she turns her head in the cold in front of a friend's house; in the morning I drive away past the park where the woman in black—where stiff pigeons stagger, heads pecking at yellow grains of corn she drops.

STRIKE; I can't tell her that I don't know if I am coming back . . . The garbage trucks don't move, but city children play in refuse and I am going. Goodbye—goodbye. Goodbye to the old seated woman wearing sailor's watch gloves with the fingers cut off, feeding diseased birds—a picture moving sideways outside the rolled up window of my car, passing across glass reamed with frost. The engine coughs; the stop light changes green.

It has no color, piled in toppling towers in the way of people, but perhaps it won't snow. God is on the Catholic side, wearing a base-ball cap, marking his score card, so . . . Everything is fly-ash color and when I run out of the delicatessen on the corner (in the same block as my wife's bank) I see how long he takes to die, head a mashed brown melon, the automatic rifle between his open thighs. Blood—lies in a pool, spreading slowly like a lake—isn't grey. It should be red. It should . . . Black —black—black—

After speaking to J—— or was it M——? I am more disturbed. Rain streaks the airport window and her voice—sorry we did not see, touch, fuck, something . . . white skin with thick black hair . . . . And rain on the glass: they look like seaplanes landing out there, and I am absurd. I am terrified—how many more times? Rise up through black clouds into the sun—sudden exultation!

At State Line the Governor Thomas E. Dewey Thruway ends; 40 miles from Albany, four lanes wide, it curves gently around the tops of a series of hills and down. The overview is of the plain: groves of deciduous trees, an old road, white houses, a church . . . She is always behind the ski-school desk except at class time and I am singing as I go towards Vermont. I think (now) this trip is real. It has an end and I am singing. 8 o'clock in the morning and I load the last of it in the red car—clothes, typewriter, books. A cardboard wine carton marked *Books-Trip* is on the back seat—out of reach. The courage of insanity fades, wanes, flows; last night my little girl sleeps as her mother and father shake hands in front of a front door. *Where is daddy?* I hear the voice in the grey noon 200 miles away, roaring in the stereo speakers. I shout . . . I scream . . . Stop! Stop . . . the assassin squints through the lens and squeezes off the shot. The projectionist is dead.

The wind, blowing gusts all morning the man dies, blows now, setting up a sway. Engine turn and take me away to the end. The light is falling and I know I am in hell . . . . But it is cold, ice particles, black poles by the roadside, weeds, grey suspension, darkness, particles of ice white it out . . . a dim abandoned house, an untended grave—

"Our beloved daughter—
Her little feet tap,
Her little hands . . ."

I hear shots. Can I believe hearing firearms in a city street while the old Jew pours Silex coffee into a plastic cup. The skin, covering his brow, is transparent as though he lived underground, freckled with liver spots, brown moles, thin grey hair. Does he hear? Firecrackers on the lawn in back of Grandmother's house. Independence Day—wait . . . His pain has cut him off so I run out and find, jerking softly (like it is an act of love) a man dying on a street.

Through jammed traffic, held at the corner, a green and white car with siren moaning and red roof light

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turning, burrowing its way. The face of the fat cop is exhausted. His blue winter overcoat is stained.

—You poor nigger!

Dying in the city. Death, yes—ultimate reality, ultimate joy! Face like a brown swollen melon, flecks of scattered gore, the slow seeping pool of blood. —aggghhh! I am sick, turning and hiding in my car with my things —boots, toothbrush, notebooks with blank pages, driving away through the fly ash drifting like leaves through the air. Pass the river in which black chunks of oily ice . . . shit floats . . .

Fifty miles north I drink the cold coffee the Jew poured, mashing on the accelerator. Feel the engine take me willingly to Tucson. What does that priest know—that death is a choice? He kneels in bone dry freezing air, muttering incantations over a body which, sphincter open, stinks. A gaunt man in frayed black suit from a ghetto church—

Saturday the wind is so strong I don't bother to take my skis off the roof rack or put my boots on—What is this game we play? Do it to me and I do it to you. The wind has swept the snow away, left a field of ice in front of the lodge's wooden steps where fearless children play with broken icicles, cheeks bright pink and voices contained in the vapor of their breath. Inside the rough wood walls steam and scattered skiers not venturing to the empty chairs sliding up the mountain side between the trunks of trees, drift between the boutique and the fireplace. Bull Wheel turn . . . turn . . . turn . . .

I saw her first at the ski-school meeting place, laughing with the others, waiting for the bell to ring, small brown face under a blue toque with a white band; her long brown hair is down today, lying across her shoulders, her hard hands hold a yellow pencil across the counter top. She took turns, riding up the lifts with each of us. She shames us, being so adept at coming down. She shows us, bending at the waist, her slender thighs in skin tight pants apart, before the skis click together and she goes down the wide path of white, curving away, leaving two clean ski tracks in the snow. She insists we can do better; she tells us not to be afraid; she puts her hands on our bodies, setting our hips, bending our knees, poking at us, smiling with her love.

The chair rises between the trees, moving slowly on its slender cable. She tells me she would like to read something I wrote. I didn't tell her that I loved her. There is silence in these beautiful Vermont hills. I didn't, did I? I didn't tell her I couldn't write. She loves her horse and next summer she will take him on the county fair circuit. Her horse knows when she goes home for weekends to her husband, coat thick and ragged in the barn behind her husband's house, nuzzling apples that drop from her husband's trees. What does she tell the others, in the bright sun that week when she rode with them?

I call her name and she looks at me with bright brown eyes. She asks me how I am and I say fine, does she remember me? Of course—she says.

2

It is absurd—of course—sensibility of a child, fragile, self pitying, filled with remorse. Funny enough to laugh about, I say, if I could stop crying. Did you see the man driving that car was wet eyed with sorrow . . . hahahaha — The elephant . . . sitting . . . in the interchange . . . no matter what . . . they . . . do . . . backing up a caravan . . . all the way to Lodi. I learn tears wash the soul and make you feel worse; it is before I learn of laughter (*in spite of DOOM*) pushing the wheelchair down the stairs. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha— You understand? Not step by step, but end over end. My mother never lived it down.

From Florence to Oracle Junction is a hundred miles and along the road are signs so I know what those desert plants are. Stop signs, too, and two cars coming the way. No longer do I have to fear other's eyes—there he goes. Catch him, officer, because he has to be some kind of freak. I laugh, mashing the accelerator, then putting on the parking brake in the shade of a mesquite and lighting one. It is not now that anguish grips me but . . . in a minute my soul separates from . . . the sun . . . the sky . . . the silence. Where's the abyss? Did *He* come here seeking peace or war? Is it too far to go back?

I ask her why she forgot, left me sitting in the breakfast room an hour, reading "Heart's Needle" and other poems. I pretend not to be waiting. The waitress does her duty and brings me what I want, hostility razor sharp not hidden in her eyes. (When she was 14 she was raped in the back seat by two boys who may have been in her class.) I pretend not to be waiting and finally C—— comes, anxious to tell me why—

> *His car was on the street when I came home and he had his gun—I told you about that. I was afraid—he was drunk, pretending he was going to pistol whip me before . . . I didn't know—I began to beg him . . . he was going to take the kid and not kill me—he was going to pay me back . . . hurt me! Tear my new dress, burn me with cigarettes—this morning—this morning—*

Who is speaking, putting her hand up to her cheek, fingers with bitten nails? Pushing back dark brown hair —I remember checking in at this motel, jerking at the sight of C——, her long hair, her short skirt! There's failure in the act of smiling in the morning; the waitress brings more coffee and we sit. Our dialogue is at dusk; we fence. She loves McKuen and his sorrow . . . she smiles . . . laughs . . . next month she will go on tour with a band . . . she sings! But this morning . . .

—Anything else, honey? the waitress asks.

Fourteen days it takes to drive this far—the end. Another time I stop in Kansas, a B-47 as a war memorial with *shit* painted on the stripped nose. Cabals pullulate, but this is in the past. Or the future—then I was insane. No—fourteen days! The last one I'm late in starting (because of C——) and when I get there I find no place to sleep. Shriners pullulate. The Santa Catalina

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Mountains, the road rounds their fall away, a city colored brown . . . *No Vacancy!*

> *". . . I am yours—*
> *You are mine—*
> *You are what you are . . ."*

You make it hard, the song sings. Must I live without the faith that makes death meaningful—who is going to remember me? ". . . what have you got to lose . . ." The coffin is gun metal grey; the wind blows so the green canvas collapses forward, cutting off the minister's words, making the burial improvisational. My father—her son staggers towards the guy ropes—too late. Who do I remember? It is not time for C—— to die, her common-law man's gun might be a toy, but I see (know) that death is hidden all along the way. The Hopi have no word for the future; there is only now so if my father says it's fear that drives us that's another lie. The young man wears a T-shirt with a pack of cigarettes rolled in the sleeve. On the baseball cap are the initials J/C—do you understand that he's only keeping score?

The priest does his duty, but even he can't remember next week; and I—with anguish—think the 14th day is going to be the last, that where the dark ribbon of the road goes around the mountain side there is an ending; there should be a place to sleep. From motel to motel I drive, seeing Shriners in their funny hats, and the room I finally find is in the wing they only open in an emergency. Chicano maids, sullen eyed, have sloughed it off. I take the phone to ask for sheets and find the line is cut . . . When I lie down, wrapping myself in blankets that smell of sperm, I shiver— The screen is white, flicking with the shutter bar.

3

Who says the world is indifferent? It is a matter of getting it together in the middle, the red bridge stretched between the headlands, the long Pacific seas pile up in the hole—in and out. Fog covers the towers; when the sun is red the air is like a wine . . . . it tumbles slowly end over end from the jumping off place high above. Carnivorous fish wait, sea gulls cry. Do you know a better place to die?

No—I am going with the Hopi and when I reach the place in Sausalito I find— Rage is crucial . . . loneliness . . . I do not jump, but take the hostess' hand and let her lead me. She wears a white ribbed skinny top and underneath her bare breasts slide, the dark stain of her nipples in the wool. □

MARK McCLOSKEY

GOD'S MOUTH

Always it seems to hold
its breath like an old policeman
bent on murder in the drunkard
on his beat.
And it softens
only when I am at the movies, watching it
sing in the ethery soprano of spirit-boys
behind the delicate window-trees.

In that dark what else can I remember
but my first handsome, sweet milk-smell
in my little mouth,
and those polar squalls
from God's mouth that drove me into my skin
for heat—such a Lupercal of Pig as fell
into the butts and sours of these latter nights?

Such fury it is for me to see a church
that I could weep for just one chance
to drag God by the wrist out of his window
and kiss him until he cannot breathe again.

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PHILIP SCHULTZ

FOR MY BIRTHDAY

Home first night in years,
I stand tall before the door,
remembering the photo dated 1945
in windshield snow, his pudgy-cheeked smile
heralding my first hour.

Passing through, I waltz my mother
round the kitchen and wash her face
with snow all the way from San Francisco.
Alone with his wife, his presence slurps
coffee still too hot, his keys jingling
forgotten on his hurrying hip.

Father, I've come back to fix
her stormwindows, to hang the canopener
within reach. No, I won't burn everything
you left, won't slam the door and run
to Tangier; something has slowed in me,
is more careful now. I'm twenty-six today,
my hair is falling, and my one key
bangs on my hip as we turn between stove
and table five inches off the floor.
Yes, I was the light going out of you
the winter night of 45, but for better
or worse, I just dropped by to say hello
and waltz her once for old times.

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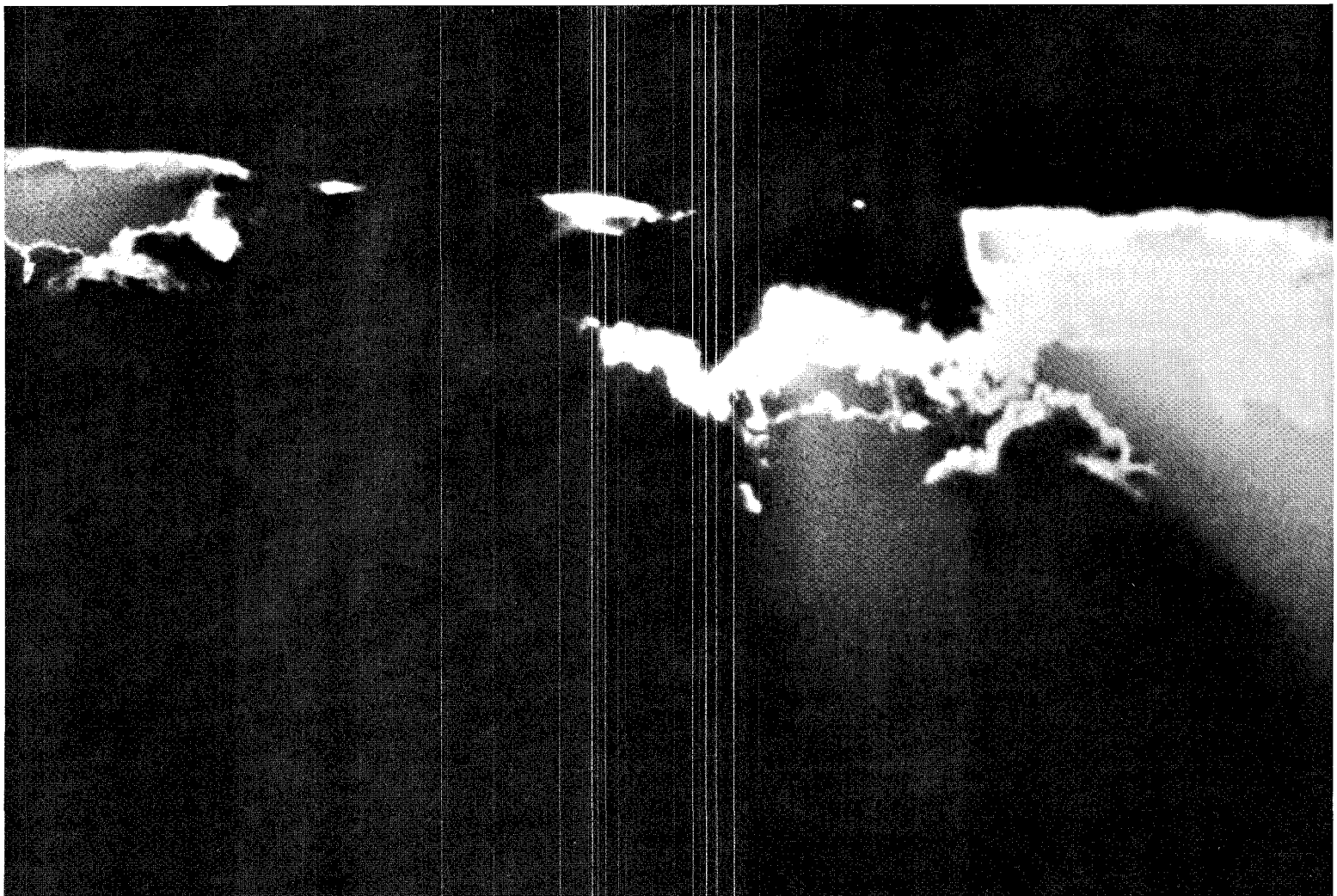

ACADEMIC ACTIVISM AND THE MYTH OF THE FUTURE

A Summing Up by Richard Brook

Victor Ferkis in *Technological Man: Myth and Reality* illustrates our current fascination for the future with devices like Rand Corporation's *systems analysis*, a direct product, he feels, of developing technology and the application of the scientific method to human planning. In his analysis, existentialism—and the prospect of *becoming*—fit neatly as philosophical support for planning and worrying about the future. In fact, Ferkis says, the necessary changes in man, both sociological and biological, derive from man's use of technology to do more and

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be more than ever before, hence he posits man's "existential revolution." The human race is "on the threshold of self transfiguration, having attained power over itself and its environment."

From the time of the Berkeley demonstrations in the early 1960s to Kent State in 1970, students asked for change, not just change in political postures, but change in the design of the academic edifice. They were taught to believe in change, to be happy about change, and then, confronted by some of the apparently unnecessary miseries of our times, they asked for change to be happy again.

Not only the students, but those of us in Consciousness II buy change as a way of life, aspiring to salary increases, stock market advantages, and change of job, even professions, promising ourselves the chance for two or three careers. Life can begin at forty with a new job if we want, and we are told this by everyone from employers to the Department of Labor, supported by the industrial psychologist preaching autonomy for the worker.

Our gods are changing. Former priest Ivan Illich argues that school is the new church. God is dead, but new gods are born to satisfy man's need for a god. Religion dies a hard death, and rises new to match the societal gods in the system of beliefs about man's social role in this world. The new religion is defined and transmitted in the sermons of the schools. The New Testament for this faith in man's existential evolution resides in our trust in technology, in the faith that the model of applied science will solve society's problems with integrative systems analysis.

The spirit of change is on the land, but what is there to change?

I.

God is dead, but there is a new societal god to replace him. The Anti-Christ is the class society which sets up a conflict between the intellectuals and the masses in the manner of a new aristocracy opposed to the plebians. Class society leads to a class culture, for good or ill, which in turn must be supported by a system for the transmitting of cultural values by *school.*

The power class values tend to be legitimized by the community's transmitters of knowledge—the schools, colleges, universities. In our culture, so dependent on the transmitting of knowledge that it implicates 35 percent of the Gross National Product, it is also inevitable that the system sustain not just the knowledge conveyed, but the prejudices exercised in the selection of the particular information that will be distributed. In other words, there is more to know than there is to tell, and deciding what we will choose to know and thus transmit will employ not only values that determine, but also values that are transmitted along with the knowledge.

The system for the transmission of knowledge—vocational training, college, or the Ph.D.—risks obsolescence, and even *mortmain.* The hand of the dead passes information and values into a corporate educational system and these values continue after death to define the shape of the system. The inheritors, the citizens in the society, are destined to dwell within the limits of their inheritance unless they change it. This is a generation dedicated to changing the educational inheritance, forced as it is to recognize that change is not constant any longer, but is itself variable—change changes. "Biologically and socially," says René Dubos, "the experience of the father will increasingly become almost useless to the son." We all somehow know this, and our families "abdicate from the familial function of information transmission."

Getting ready for change, planning, depends upon knowing where we are. A road map is useless without a place name or some kind of navigational fix. Our civilization as a whole has a poor record either for dispassionate non-polemic review of our history, or for objective description of where we are at. At least, we are not yet expert at it where we need to be. Whether technology has offered the model or not, America's corporations and governmental agencies illustrate our modern ability to develop organizations which assess, plan, and solve problems on a large scale. But the academic tradition cites a long history of letting schools happen the way nobody wants them to. Colleges and universities are chastized, not only for failing to incorporate systems for long-range planning, but also failing to experiment with the *initiative;* that is, failing to support prompt policy change by the people who are the closest to the need for change.

Of course, the Humanists' conventional dread of the encroachment of scientism does not make the identification of either our cultural posture or our social problems any easier. Students echoed hatred for technology in their demonstrations, holding up, at Berkeley in 1964, a huge IBM card representative of the animus against university depersonalization.

Needless to say, the young radicals have no monopoly on dissatisfaction with the academic system. Conscious-

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This is a catalog of academic myths descriptive of an immanent new university. Some of these myths belong to identifiable people, and others are public property. When the ideas seemed unique, I attempted to give due credit; when the ideas were generally available to all of us, but important ingredients in the university stew, I simply appropriated them for the catalog. A big myth, after all, is made of little ones, old and new. All the mythic pieces taken together may not exist in any school tomorrow, but the reader is invited to play futurologist, and pick and choose among these projections as he designs his own new university.—R. B.

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ness I and II are worried about reform. They perhaps come to their convictions about the necessity for change in academe all on their own. Professors of the establishment hold similar sympathies for change and have come to their positions sometimes on their own philosophical grounds, and sometimes by infection.

It is difficult to resist some of the criticism by the students, even the most rhetorically and offensively radical. Teachers generally find it hard to resist student humors, however much the posture of objectivity might discourage it. Some teachers feel they must listen to student demands for change because school is the place for listening, because attending to the student's arguments and demands for change prepares the student, in the simulated school reality, for later entering society and making his desires known there.

More and more young radicals recognize that the place to change society is not in the political arena, but in the schools. The educational system is under attack, not because the students cannot get a revolutionary job done any place else, but because school is where changes can be made in the society beyond, for school is the church of society, and the keeper of its conscience. Change the school, and you change the community.

The radicals tell us that academe has a bad moral record. Schools support research into techniques that directly induce man's own destruction. School has bad morals. The usual reaction of the academic is, *What can I do about it?* Students today have plenty of answers, and more often than ever these answers are incorporated into the institutional solutions to academic problems. The students already have the faculty's ear.

The model of student participation in changing the academic community will serve as an example for even more pervasive changes than the student had in mind. Just as the moderate success of the black man in changing his predicament has served as a model for some later white demands, so we can expect the success of student agitation to serve as a model for the professor. The only mitigating force exercised upon the academic and preventing his appeals from looking very much like a violent student demonstration is the cruel fact that academics are a little older, a bit out of condition for marching around—but that is not important. What is important is the use of the revolutionary *model* for change, not the revolutionary instruments themselves. Academics now recognize they can and will change the design of the system. That is why they go to the trouble of showing they are making plans, and that is why they are announcing their plans in at least two significant reports during 1971: the Carnegie Commission's *Less Time, More Options,* and the Academy of Arts and Sciences' *Report of the Assembly on University Goals and Governance.*

Students, teachers, and the sustaining community may have come to the realization that the academic edifice needs change. Some of the radicals suggest an alternative to simple repair, however, and argue for no schools at all. Even the Assembly recommends finding a way to use apprenticeships rather than schools to train people who do not like the academic environment. But on-the-job training is not really dispensing with schools altogether. It is instead arguing for options outside the ritual of conventional education, and attempting to modify what has up till now been a monopoly on education held by the schools.

Illich announces the obsolescence of our idea of *school.* He says that fewer people should read, that fewer need education as we ordinarily think of it, and that, "if we go in the direction of school . . . we go in the direction of a subsistence education, a subsistence politics, in which the main value is leisure."

On the other hand, if what we have now does need change and we want to improve it, we may as well go in the direction of the ideal school. What does that look like? Illich's indictment may contain part of the answer: "School conceals the contradiction between the structure it produces and the myth it proclaims, the structure being competitive, and the myth being equality."

If, however, we design a noncompetitive school in which no one tells lies about the outcome, in which no one pretends to produce a classless society, perhaps we will be close to the ideal of a new university. In addition, if school can occur at times other than in the context of competitive adolescence, and become, according to the Carnegie Commission, "more a part of all of life and less all of a part of life," then all ages can participate. We can also shorten the time it takes to get a college degree from four to three years. We can let certification be handled by agencies other than the schools, and take the pragmatic burden out of the hands of teachers. Such a new university will then be free to experiment with impunity for the benefit of the whole society rather than for just the adolescent sector of the family.

Teachers in this new university will bear the most severe burden of change for they will have to learn not merely to teach and tell, but to support learning—a remarkable change of role for most. Such a school will be less dependent on the professionally certified teacher, and will no longer group students into specialization subsets. Neither will this new university be only a "sanctuary of scholarship," or a servant resource center for corporations and governmental agencies. This school will be academically autonomous.

Planning for the ideal school, or the ideal university, is complicated. It requires guessing about the future, and guessing well. Systems analysis will help us, that is true, for plans can no longer be made with a simplistic Christian eschatological projection along a single line with a kind of implicit belief in the inevitability of birth,

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death, salvation, and resurrection. But what used to take care of the individual does not explain the complexity of social interaction and the persistence of countless outmoded traditions side by side with the urgencies of a society evolved beyond solutions available to it.

Whether they are catch phrases or not, "future shock" and "crisis of crises" are labels for our consternation about the solutions of the past. Like geologists, archaeologists, and paleontologists we will come to see that the past exists in the present evidence manipulated by present inference. All that is left of the past is now. Any past cited today resides in the present and must be respected as a present force. Now, if all the past is present with us, we are forced to treat past-present and present as the complex mingling and mixing of immediate demands and needs and pleas. A system is the only device for handling the logistics necessary to solving problems of these multiple variables.

Getting ready to lop off linear projections with a single solution is too simplistic; what we will need is a systematic multi-dimensional approach to renovating the academic conglomerate. *Pass/Fail* as a solution to the punitive implications of grades, for example, is a linear solution to a problem that is multi-faceted. The problem has to do with enhancing student interest, allaying fears about competition, handling faculty ignorance about testing, and encouraging the student in general humanistic exploration. Programs and prejudices will need fixing, not just the marks of a grading system.

A systems analysis solution to present academic problems prepares us to make our plans for tomorrow as if it were as complicated as the mixture we call *today*. Tomorrow is no simple linear projection of a single current trend, nor is it simply today boiled over. The most important question asked in solving problems with a system is not *How long will this continue?* but *Where does this fit?*

II.

A university is a system. It has groups of people flowing from place to place, and they must have a plant that gives them places to pass through. The people need places to listen, and eat, and study, among other things. All these items need to be fitted together in an arrangement that lets people get work done without running into one another. Changes in one part of the university more or less affect relationships of items in other parts. Frequently no one knows what the implications of any particular change will be.

The new university fits into the larger society, as its new church. One notch down it fits into the community, where changes in the community direct future changes in colleges and universities.

When the economy of the sustaining community changes, *school* changes just as it has in the recent financial pinch. In periods of economic prosperity we could posit regular growth and enhancement of academe. But that is not the focus of the problem today. The community that picks up the tab for education is finding it difficult to continue supporting schools at even a constant rate, and the frequency of budget cutbacks is alarming. State universities, along with state governments, are going bankrupt. Private colleges have generally been given only two more years of life by some rather knowledgeable academic futurologists, among them college presidents.

Some see the financial pinch as "a blessing in disguise," and hope that the university will take a cold look at its plans, streamline its programs. In the face of poor money prospects others suggest that the university will need to think about eliminating old programs to build new ones, rather than merely adding each newly planned program to next year's budget requests. Such an attitude disturbs most academic planners, and the faculties are vociferous in their criticisms of such a pragmatic fiscal attitude. Unpopular decisions will be made to help the university survive the withering of federal funds and still maintain its best service to society.

Money dwindles and costs rise. By 1980 higher education nationally will cost $38 billion a year. Sidney Tickton figures that by 1990 the 8 million students likely to enroll in higher education in our 100 largest cities will cost a great deal more than 1968's $8 billion. Service to the same communities in 1990 will cost $24 billion. It is not just inflation that makes *school* cost more, either, for the rate of increase in college tuition advances faster than inflation. F. R. McKenna shows that, "in a typical Illinois institution, dormitory and board fees for nine months would have risen from $650 to $750 between 1958 and 1969 had they paralleled the consumer price index . . . Instead they rose to $960." There is a change in the rate of change, and here it is in the wrong direction.

Federal funds from the tax base will have to share not 50 percent of the bill for higher education as it did this year, but "55 percent in 1975 and 70 percent in 1990." The money will have to come, if not from the federal level, then from community, foundation, or the student. The community is already in enough tax trouble. Foundations are depleted because the corporate surplus, the source of foundation money, has disappeared. That leaves the student to pay the bill for his education. But students come from families that now save less for school —and less for everything else, for that matter. Low-income families spend all they earn and they cannot save. Middle-class families will be paying most of the upcoming increases in taxes, and they cannot save either. The class that has money to invest in the stock market will find its share of the corporate profits dwindling before rising taxes, too. The only solution available now is to tap the future income of the student, and let him pay his school bills by borrowing against the prospects of his salary.

The Assembly's *Report* recommends *Educaid*. Under this plan, the student is granted a certain number of years of education against which he may draw money for tuition, fees, room and board. He pays back a proportion of his earnings over a number of years, and if he makes a lot of money, he pays more and makes up for his less

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fortunate fellow who, perhaps, chose teaching for a living. Some teacher organizations, incidentally, are opposed to a similar Nixon Administration "voucher plan," giving parents blank checks to send their children to college.

PAYE is a more particular solution. *Pay As You Earn* has the student returning his borrowed money over a period of 35 years at about ".4% of every thousand dollars lent . . . . Under this system, colleges would be competing hotly for students. The quality of education would be enhanced, since the colleges to which students did not seek entrance would suffer and perhaps be forced out of business. PAYE would increase minority representation; a student's family income would no longer be a significant determiner of where he goes." Some academics, considering *Educaid* and PAYE, project a tyranny of relevance and a lowering of academic standards in competition for the student dollar.

However he gets the money, the signs are that the student will ultimately pay his own bills for his own education, and a facility like an FHA for education will correct what promises to become, without plans like *Educaid* or PAYE, ever more regressive taxation.

In addition to the economic advantage deriving from new academic sympathies for replacing the old rather than materially adding new programs, many new university services such as housing and dining can be taken over by sub-contractors who will do a less costly job of running the hotel services of the university. Students are already taking the housing burden off the campus by continuing their migration to private apartments. A lot of the students making up projected increases in enrollment will be living at home, taking notes from televised lectures, and flipping the access dials on electronic libraries.

The Carnegie Commission argues that their recommendations will cut higher education costs by 10 to 15 percent in 1980. That is as much as $5 billion a year and can be added to another projected decade's saving of $5 billion in construction costs. Such large numbers and seemingly small percentages may lack argumentative punch until we realize that the same slack afforded by a 10 percent saving can pay for *quality*. The loose end at the top of the budget sponsors high priority innovation which is not likely to be paid from basic funds.

Budget pinches and inefficient use of the money available cannot help but squelch diversity. The reaction of the academic establishment to money shortages is a predictable conservatism. New programs are denied and obsolete ideas persist. Competing for the remaining dollars encourages schools to look like everybody else. The Assembly pleads for the 2500 institutions to keep whatever makes them feel different from one another.

The problem is that women's colleges decide to enroll men, Negro colleges attempt to enroll whites, small colleges try to get bigger, and big ones look for ways to split down to more intimate structures. Some critics fear that if federal money goes to private schools in support of diversity the entire public university establishment will want to go private too. *Parochiaid*, they object, would spend federal taxes on fragmenting the educational system and in the end reduce efficiency.

Where does this kind of apprehension come from? From the poor and the populists who see support for the private colleges as federal money paying the bills for an elite which already holds too much power and can with federal funds better maintain its hold on the political establishment. Conservatives do not care very much about private schools, either, for such colleges are too liberal. Yet, the Assembly counsels, "if private colleges and universities ceased to exist, major goads to innovation and differentiation would disappear." *Educaid*, if it comes in time, will support private school students as well as public ones, of course. But help will have to be on its way soon, or many private colleges will fold. It will be impossible to open most of them again after they are closed.

All the good things that have heretofore been said about the private schools and their devotion to variety, however, must now be tempered by the admission that the depressing effect of short money has encouraged most of them to homogenize.

III.

Once we have access to the money for *school*, and once the universities admit they are in the business of sponsoring learning, rather than paying for research and referral services for corporations and agencies, a number of radical criticisms of *school* will fall away. What the students may not foresee, however, is that, welcome or not, the layman outside the university and not just the academic or student, will have more to say about the way school money is spent. Many academics, of course, will resent such lay intrusions into academic planning, but they would do well to turn it to advantage for the academic system, rather than fret about it. Society is moving in the direction of greater participation. The governing boards can be expected to act more and more like franchised PTAs.

The governing board, however much it resorts to the students and faculty for tests of their prejudices, will work more closely than ever before with university presidents in deciding on priorities and programs. Authority for these decisions will be kicked upstairs, but only after assurance that a variety of interests is represented at the trustee level. Too often the board neglects balancing its composition with women and Blacks, and assumes membership at that august level should be for life. Changes in the appointment policies and the tenure of the trustees will derive not as a result of the demands of students and faculty, but from pressure outside the ivory tower—pressure for fair representation of the subsets of the community. But there should be no reason, the Assembly argues, to exclude practicing academics from these boards, as long as they come from other institutions. Students and faculty can also be involved in nominating members to the board. All of these efforts to make the boards more cosmopolitan, more representative, and less

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a record of a few vested interests, need not mitigate the traditional "buffer" function of the boards, for state universities in particular will continue to need protection from political pressures.

IV.

Demands for participation are voiced on all campuses. But it is no longer just the young radical who wants his say. The faculty wants to be heard, too. Again, the elder professors want to enjoy the opportunities for choice illustrated in the students' ascent to power, as do the middle-aged professors who see their ranks welling from beneath with the entrance of former graduate student activists. The young professoriate already enlists some of the student rhetoricians from the demonstrations of the 1960s.

At the same time that more academics want even more to do with designing the fate of the new university, cautions come from the midst of the liberal bloc. Harry Ashmore feels "there is no answer in the kind of simple-minded populism which is the hallmark of the radical movement . . ." Trying to let everybody participate in decisions slows down the organization, preventing it from reacting swiftly to the need for prompt change. But the demand for participation in decision-making will get louder before the faculties are completely overwhelmed by committee assignments and endless deliberations that wear out the discussants while the problem languishes unsolved.

The horrible prospect is that each teacher will want more to say about *school* but get less done than an administrator in the same context. He may be fooled into thinking things are going better, while really nothing is happening. Cynics could argue that there is not much difference: if the administrator chooses badly, the faculty is angry and disenfranchised; if the faculty makes a mistake, the implications are merely just as bad, but the guilt is evenly distributed. Executives can make mistakes faster than committees, but their very productivity, in a utilitarian sense, makes them worse than those who delay. The irony is that one can seldom condemn a committee for its speed, even in coming to the wrong decision.

"Tomorrow is no simple linear projection of a single current trend, nor is it simply today boiled over."

In academe, we have come to a kind of paranoic nightmare where *authority* is equated with *authoritarian* and the Establishment has earned a capital "E". In contrast to popular distrust, Harry Ashmore says, "I think what's really wrong with the country is that it *has* no Establishment. Nobody's in charge."

In the matrix society, when an authority recognizes that he is not legitimately in charge, he is driven by his anxiety to act a little more compulsively. Billyclubs are used when police feel they have least control. Force is a substitute for legitimate authority. But this is a political analogy, and the trouble in academe may merely be structural. Nevertheless, the lesson from the community argues for legitimizing academic authority so that it need not be compulsive and arbitrary.

The Assembly spends some time looking for a good description of the right kind of authority for the university. Half of the subcommittee's title speaks to that theme: *The Assembly on University Goals and Governance.* It recommends, among other things, that the style of academic research be employed in solving university-wide problems, using all that is in keeping with enlightened critical review rather than adopting the style of the business world, which model is too often awkwardly applied to university governance. In this case, we may find that the scholar already has a system for review of academic policy, one that can be neglected in the panicky search for analogous business structures.

To the chagrin of the populists, and in place of universal consultation with everyone who could be affected by a decision, a system of responsibility and accountability can be designed to fit the particular needs of the academic community. For one thing, the new university ought to have access to examinations of what went wrong the last time the school itself or anybody else tried a particular solution.

Nor can the university get away from admitting that it needs a strong president. He must be a superman sensitive "to the opinions of the whole university community." He will delegate and divide responsibility among an upper executive staff that makes things look from the bottom up like an academic hydra. Many of the descriptions of the man at the top are just what you would expect from a textbook, and the Assembly has been eloquent here without offering very much that is new. It seems that what the president must eventually do is hold the school together when its systems fail, distributing onerous decision-making among enough upper administrators to allow no one of them to make two unpopular decisions in a row. A bad president is one who lets a single man have a lot of insoluble problems. The worst president is he who takes credit for all the mistakes. He will not be around tomorrow, and will make his school an orphan. There is no worse trauma in academe than the death, figurative or not, of a leader. Even the revolutionaries wonder what to do next.

In keeping with distributing decisions downward, the deans stand to gain. They will operate at a level, however, where the *associational* and *executive* systems of the new university conflict. The associational structure, where faculty town meetings and delegate committees consider university goals, clashes with the executive office of the dean. The best solution is one that features executive *accountability* to the college faculty-at-large and to its committees. The dean is then somewhat free to act, but

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must be prepared to explain himself. The big trouble with the associational structure is that it is likely to be unicameral, incorporating all the interests and populations of the constituency in one body where the least politically active risk losing their franchise. There are a lot of faculty members and students who do not feel they have the time to get to meetings. If the active faculty does not worry about such silent interests, the dean will have to hear from a variety of smaller interest groups.

Training deans and presidents is a responsibility that no one seems prepared to accept. The Assembly recommends a middle level administration support for department heads, where fledgling administrators with some freedom from fear can try themselves out on the routine problems of the departments.

Some academics will be offended by the suggestion that hard-core administrators be appointed to faculty committees. Counsel from the top will have to be extremely enlightened, for no ordinary idea from an administrator is worth half the weight of the same quality suggestion from a brainstorming faculty member. Disqualifying the administrator is his distance from the student, argues the teacher—never admitting for a moment that his own relationship, to any one of the 700 students in his largest lecture class, can hardly be construed as intimate.

Faculty morale in most cases is low right now, and this is not just because salaries have been frozen or jobs are hard to find. Time was when a professor knew he was hired on the basis of his research, retained for his ability to teach, and advanced for the length of his bibliography. The bargain was zany, but the freedom to pursue his interests seemed worth it. Each year his own and his colleagues' specializations grew narrower, and the community applauded, for the compartmentalization of learning so divided the intellectual conscience of society that it offered little threat to the political world outside.

The very lack of specialization on the part of the young radicals allowed them, not yet academically myopic and occasionally humane, to see the subjugation of the intellectual establishment to the devices of politics. Puzzling international commitments denied the student his individual choice of a life style. The university was researching for the military, and recruiting for the agencies of defense. History seemed more polemic than objective, and too often prescriptive. Each specialization passed the buck to another. MIT scientists looked at a set of social problems and announced there were "no technological solutions to these problems," while at the same moment their fellows in the social sciences declared "there are no longer political problems, simply technological ones."

The professor heard from the Right, and felt constrained, and he heard from the Left and felt confused. The Left said scientists are not human beings, in the words of Carl Oglesby, "no more equipped than the poet or the garbage man to solve . . . the problems that beset us." But inexplicably scientists began to recommend interdisciplinary task forces to solve social problems, and some of the validity of the radical rejection of scientists seemed specious.

The professor went to his annual convention and saw the business meeting usurped by activist new-comers who gathered indictments of the War for press statements announcing the radical product of the meeting. If the university was not to be politicized, the professoriate could be liberated by the young radicals, or at least it could be made to look that way. Back on campus, students argued change in university policies for everything from grades and specializations to dormitory visiting privileges. If the rule was not modified immediately, under the threat of prospective demonstration, the first rule breaker was punished by the old rule and was sent packing, and before the rule could be broken again, it was changed. The university would not need to be embarrassed again on that point. Students demanded membership in faculty committees, and professors found students voting on university issues that some professorial colleagues were excluded from considering. Students had been appointed to elective committees that by charter denied membership to untenured faculty members or to those below a particular rank. No wonder the faculty was jealous.

Students came to class and remained quiet in the face of heroic efforts to show them that the system was not all bad, that the system could be relevant. Some yawned, while others stayed home. Many professors panicked, and many more began to ask if what they were doing was meaningless. Some professors tried teaching Free University courses to show their good faith in whatever in the world interested the students. But the price of credibility was high, for the rules of academic deportment there in the Free University were shocking. One observer stated, "There is utterly no distance, in space, status, or power, between (the teacher) and his students." For professors who had worked hard and long toward the promise of someday finding a captive audience to tell their specializations to, the new rejection was shattering. For many professors it meant learning to teach all over again, and in another sense *learning*, rather than teaching, shifted the posture of education.

A persistent theme of the Assembly *Report* recommends redirection of the professor away from teaching and toward the support of learning by the student. Some professors are not sure just what that means, because the theme refers not to what specifically will be done differently, so much as it suggests generally how a student will be approached. Learning as opposed to teaching, it seems, puts the burden on the student to discover, and removes from the teacher the onus of *telling*. If the teacher does not shift to the new style of learning-support, his students will criticize him, and if he does, the instruments for evaluating student success, designed as they are to look for a conventional kind of achievement, make both students and the professor look bad.

The professor is in more than one dilemma. If he merely describes a social problem he is in complicity,

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if he prescribes a solution he is priest, if he predicts consequences he is vain, and if he reveals sin he is innocent. The traditional professor cannot genuinely participate in any way. There may be little left for him to do but join up with his students in *their* search for truth, or get out of the way once they are ready to look for themselves.

The Assembly makes a few suggestions about evaluating teaching, most of which recommend that more of professional research efforts be directed to better teaching. *School* should encourage the teacher to use his research creativity in the design of courses and programs. Students should help evaluate teachers, but the professor who attracts only a few good students in a more specific field should be protected from popular criticisms.

"The reaction of the academic establishment to money shortages is a predictable conservatism."

Preparation of the upper academic is under review. Norman Birnbaum remarks that the training of specialists for the academy was getting to look like "a mandarin culture, educating persons who could speak only to each other in an increasingly circumscribed language." The charge of *mandarin* has already become a catch phrase on the campus.

Complementing the university development of its own specialists is the record of people like Darwin and Freud who worked outside the schools. Such examples threaten the prejudice sponsored by the universities, that the school maintains the estate of Western Culture. If it does keep the keys, some of the radicals respond, they are only the keys to the library, and there are lots of thinkers working outside the academy.

The Assembly says, "Present modes of access to the academic profession are too restrictive." There ought to be more ways to get into teaching. "In many fields a well-educated person with an honors bachelors degree is suited to an academic teaching career." There are also specialists outside academe who can make explicit "perspectives and concerns that are not common in the academy." For example, says John Russell, "Advertising departments are forced to exclude from permanent faculty positions top applicants from industry in favor of Ph.D.s with inferior qualifications for under-graduate teaching." In this case, the academic factory is not preparing its own specialists to take care of the beginners in academe. The university must consider staffing from the community in order to teach more effectively some of the subjects formerly within the province only of the academic.

Opening up the faculty to the intrusions of the layman may come more easily than granting the academic franchise to woman. Large university faculties average 10 per cent women. All colleges and universities average 8 per cent women as full professors, 15 per cent as associates, and 19 per cent as assistant professors. There are all kinds of mitigating factors, certainly, that allow universities to explain these figures, but the question persists: How can the university sponsor, recognize, and reward more women in the faculty? The answer is really quite simple: by working at it.

Cronyism as a device for staffing the academy is likely to work just as much against women on the faculty as it is to prevent generally the intelligent survey of candidates for any position. The antidote to advantage given to old friends is the public consideration and review of the qualifications of a candidate. The enlightened academy could find room in its philosophy for the suppression of crony-ism, but what is less likely is the prospect that department faculties will be sympathetic to the Assembly's suggestion about filling the vacated position: "Every vacancy ought to revert to a campus-wide pool where the requirements for a particular specialism can be weighed by administrators and faculty against requirements for other fields." The recommendation has nobility, but depends upon a centralized evaluation of staff needs which will not be sponsored by the faculty collective bargainers or the unions.

It is difficult to predict union response to the argument for "early departure" either, but a negative first reaction is likely, followed by inclusion of the option in later demands. The Assembly's suggestion is that professors be tenured for twenty years, at the end of which service they may retire on pension, much like members of the foreign service. Implicit in the article is the opportunity to clean house more frequently, and that would bring objections from the bargainers. In spite of the likelihood of increased significance for collective bargaining, the Assembly recommends keeping merit pay wherever it still exists. In addition, the faculty should prepare to police itself. If the faculty is not willing to take action in cases of professional malfeasance, the outer community will certainly step in. Such intrusions will bring fuzzy reference to academic freedom, further eroding what in the main is an honest scholarly prerogative too often prostituted to the needs of teachers who had no claim to its protection. Why are professors so defensive about the vulnerability of one of their colleagues to charges of gross misbehavior? Because if one loses, all lose. The professor may learn that fair public evaluation of community grievances against the academy may strengthen the credibility of the professoriate. Defensiveness and secrecy exaggerate the stereotype of the academic community as a harbor for stodgy indifference to community values.

The best answer to the charge that research on the campus is either irrelevant, or subservient to academic antagonists, is discrimination. Certainly research can make the teacher more lively. It can also lead him to ignore his students. The best research for the university to sponsor is study that enhances the teaching mission of the university. Foundations and institutes would do

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Coming in the NAR:

Laurier LaPierre on Quebec

Leo J. Hertzel on Canadian Fiction Writers

Other articles, stories, and poems acknowledging the presence of a country to the north of us

well to look elsewhere for facilities to investigate non-academic problems. They will go someplace else if they are confronted by discriminating evaluation of research efforts by a university dedicated to teaching students. Scholarship and *school* will still be compatible, and educational funds will be better invested in the faculty search for new academic subjects and better treatments of traditional topics for the benefit of the student audience.

The Assembly points out that some of the revolutionary hostility to industrial and federal sponsorship of research on campus is not explained by the evidence. "The amount of industry-sponsored research at colleges and universities is relatively small. Large-scale federal sponsorship of research projects is important at perhaps 50 universities (out of 2500 colleges and universities) and only for a minority of their professors." Most of what goes on at the university is a kind of individual research of professor interests that is unsupported by anything other than the professor's predilections. Indeed, more money must be spent on supporting professor-oriented investigation. None of the drawbacks of foreign research intrusions, and the many advantages of classroom-oriented explorations, argue for university resources for professional research. But for the scholar's sake, he must not be put on a timetable, nor judged by the length of his annual bibliographic additions. "Creative endeavor is frequently sporadic and time-consuming, and not at all susceptible to gross production standards."

It is a little puzzling that the professoriate is so seldom called upon for counsel in handling grievances or making plans for the future of the institution. These things are changing, of course, as administrations increasingly resort to the agency of an *ombudsman*, and to the advice of faculty-staff planning committees. The onus for slow change here could belong to the administrators who are too timid to admit locally that they need help. Another administrative hazard to credibility is the chance that solicited faculty suggestions will not be incorporated in a plan, for extraneous reasons, and yet another conflict may serve to widen the breach between executive and professor. University officials will have to risk misunderstanding, however, involve faculty in planning and reform, and allow both administration and faculty to realize together how modest some changes must inevitably be. One of the questions both groups could consider right away is the nature of higher education itself—just what is it all about and what is it all for? There may be no negotiable answer, but it is alarming how often the question is left to legislators without any kind of counsel from the people who ought at least to have considered the question. Can it be the hope of academe that the community will be satisfied with leaving the question unanswered?

By 1980 the average full-time faculty salary will be about $17,000—1970 dollars—contrasting with a current average of $12,000. How can one project such an increase when confronted by a sluggish economy and poorer access to tax money? This derives from the fact that workers in the academy will have more to say about how the university dollar is spent, and when that happens the worker's salaries will go up, and research and program innovations will be slighted. The increase in salaries need not necessarily be tied to an advancing economy. Higher wages are more likely to be related to more successful bargaining for pieces of a rather static university pie.

V.

Curricular change is on its way. And the prospects are good that the containers of curriculum, the larger programs that hold the courses together, will determine the change. The young radicals indicted the courses in their demonstrations, and the faculty joined the critics in charges implicating the specializations themselves, and technology in particular. McDiarmid speaks for numbers of educators when he considers the student counter-movement and announces, "The real revolution, which we are gropingly attempting to articulate in the curriculum, is one of social conscience." The choice within the academic system will have to be larger than the alternatives of general or specialized education. The question becomes one of function: What is the student to do, that sociologically matters, with whatever he finds at the university—the students nowadays want to know *before* they graduate. Exploration of alternative forms of education will be the province of the student rather than only the prerogative of a faculty committee. At times the Assembly *Report* in this area reads like an apology for pork barrel politics, recommending foreign language for all and science for the non-scientist, but the *Report* can also be read as a defense for general education. "A curriculum should make place for the affective no less than the cognitive and objective . . ." There is an appeal here for emotional involvement of education in the subjects it addresses, even the suggestion that values be recommended, and incorporated in the product of the course. The objective tone of the specialized classroom is regarded as insufficient to answering the societal demands for change.

Interdisciplinary programs over the years have been expected to return the student to a steady view of all that is divided before him. However, too frequently in the past the joining of several disciplines in the mind of the student has created a new disciplinarian, and a new

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specialization. Sometimes interdisciplinary programs have been created to serve pragmatic sponsors in the community. As a result, the young radicals are suspicious of the interdisciplinary attempt, arguing that the conjunction of a number of amoral specialists cannot present a moral resolution. Some of the professors agree, and suggest that the goal of education is not specialization, or even what lies between in the relationships of one narrow area to another, but in the very method of intellectual endeavor. The technique of scholarly study may be the best end of education. After all, the specializations developed in the Middle Ages "to prepare people for a select, closed society," and contemporary students are preparing to enter an open, upwardly mobile one. Some of the blame belongs to the graduate faculties' "allegiance to their discipline rather than to their institution." Whoever is to blame, bringing specialists together cannot divest the school of the responsibility for having divided the world to serve itself. The logic supporting integrative studies will force the new university to proceed beyond the specialists' conversations and examine the morality of combinative technological solutions to our social problems. Many of our students will be coming to college just to find out whether the profit of a particular idea still persists when you put it together with all the other particular ingredients.

Studies argue lately that the quality of the student produced by the institution has less to do with what happens to him while he is in school, and more to do with just who is let in. Ivy League schools could produce good graduates simply because of exclusive admission policies, and not necessarily because of anything the institution does for its students—a skeptical view, admittedly. It all points, however, to the importance of the admissions office in determining how much will get done at the university. The Assembly *Report* recommends that the university extend its conception of the student to include broader age ranges than ever before in the history of *school*. Somehow, adults of all ages will be encouraged to return to college, or take it up for the first time. Such an enlargement of the audience directly affects the institution's conception of its role as a certifying agency. Colleges and universities will get out of the business of certification and see themselves as less provincially oriented, less the servant of community accreditation, and more the instrument for cultural sophistication of the individual. While the universities are at it, they would do well to redesign their school year, arranging a calendar that fits the broader community of students, and assists the scholarly investigations of the faculty. The classroom, too, can be something other than 40 chairs before the blackboard. Why *not* use "residence halls, museums, hospitals, courthouses, factories . . ."?

The Carnegie Commission's title, *Less Time, More Options*, addresses itself to the possibility of the students getting out of school faster, and having more choices—not necessarily within the academy, either. In regard to time, the Commission recommends cutting undergraduate tenure to three years, and letting Ph.D.s and M.D.s get out on the job one or two years earlier. The speed-up can be effected by shortening most programs, letting the students enroll for heavier course loads, extending credit by examination, and supporting entrance to graduate school without the bachelors degree. Many of the graduate school hurdles need to be coldly examined, and those devices that support only the narrow specializations of the candidates should be excised.

Alternatives for the student can be opened up by broadening rather than increasing the number of certification fields—there are 1600 of them now. But there are choices that must be considered outside *school*—for example, the possibility of earning a degree off campus. Nineteen colleges and universities make up A University Without Walls which gives college credit in everything from VISTA to business internships. External degree programs in New York State will offer college credit for experience on the job or in readings, for students mostly between the ages of 25 and 35. Experimental colleges are already granting degrees not for taking courses but for passing a degree examination, in some cases on the basis of "an 80% mark on three substantively different Graduate Record Exams." Some of the degree-granting departures will place a heavier burden on achievement tests, the validity of which no one can swear to.

New degrees are on their way. Three relatively new ones proposed by the Carnegie Commission will produce the following starting places every two years: the Associate of Arts, the Bachelor of Arts, the Master of Philosophy, and the Doctor of Arts. The traditional Ph.D. will be retained as a research degree beyond or different in kind from the teaching-oriented Master of Philosophy and Doctor of Arts.

Among the options the Carnegie Commission talks about are ones that relate to stopping and starting. The student will enjoy the opportunity to take a degree of some sort at the end of each two year interval. As the Assembly suggests, "There is no rhythm or pattern of intellectual curiousity or social maturity that is common to all." In fact, the young person will have the chance to choose nothing at all upon graduation from high school, and still not be compromised by his decision to wait till a little later for his academic explorations. Once he is on the job, he will be able to take up or "re-enter higher education . . . in regular day-time classes, night-time classes, summer courses, and special short term programs, with degrees and certificates available as appropriate." In addition, the same financial assistance traditionally made available on campus may be directed as well to students in apprenticeship programs and in-service training plans in industry.

Back within the more conventional structure of the new university, student initiative will *pluralize* the academy. Birnbaum argues for "a spectrum of teaching systems," that first incorporate student-taught sequences allowing the students to join in defining the subject matter; second, encourage greater emphasis on independent study; and third, allow greater use of general educa-

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tion designs in the upper division of undergraduate work. Elsewhere on campus more traditional courses will continue. Throughout the undergraduate experience, the Assembly suggests, experimental approaches might "dwell on those elements common to modern society," rather than struggling to locate the student "in time and place . . . by demonstrating a link with a European past, or even with an African or Asian past."

The grading system is understandably under attack. It has been for years, but there is a strong possibility that grading only masks a more severe problem with the three M's: Motivation, Maturation, and Measurement. Grades have been used for a long time as a substitute for a better prod to intellectual curiosity, and in place of apparent relevance of the subject under study. The maturity of the student viewing the subject matter is ceaselessly under attack by instructors who count as right only those answers which the professoriate sponsors. Grades frequently derive from inexpert mathematical juggling by some of the least mathematically inclined—the humanists. The punitive use of grading reduces the credibility of the entire professoriate, and that by itself is sufficient indictment. The alternative to grading is expository assessment and written recommendation, a large task for professors with big class enrollments. But once again, what prevents successful alternatives to grading is a system that demands large classes. Large classes pay the bills, either for other small general education classes, or in a darker view, for the protection of elite specializations. Again, the grading system is only a cover-up for deeper problems of the academy. *Contract grades* and *Pass/Fail* may be merely rearrangements of the problems, rather than solutions.

Students will have more choices to begin school throughout their lifetimes, even mixing jobs with classes more freely during enrollment. These options are important, skeptics respond, if school is good for what ails you, but what if it isn't?

VI.

The plant of the new university will develop new places more properly belonging to the student, for he is space-poor, according to campus planners.

Hardware for the future college will adapt to alternative functions. The new calendars will bring with them more frequent use of facilities on weekends and in between school terms. The plant will serve demands for quick change of lecture rooms and seating to fit constantly shifting purposes. Economic realities, too, will encourage the new university to pick up existing spaces in the community and use everything from vacant warehouses to defunct shopping centers as made-over classrooms.

Systems building will feature flexibility of entire plants, rather than the use of fixed constructions designed for single purposes. Pre-fab buildings will go up with the prospect of obsolescence within ten years rather than in fifty. "Nothing will ever be finished," says architect Peter Van Dijk, and the geographical limits of the campus will shrink.

Yet the message of the university will reach out deep into the surrounding community by means of television and information retrieval extensions, although full implementation of audio-visual potential will not be realized before 1990 (followed, incidentally, by the death of the newspaper in 1995). The greatest variety of students in history will exploit the possibilities of ready access to visual records in the privacy of the home.

The new university's community influence will neutralize some of the lay acrimony deriving from the apprehensions of the working class. A natural suspicion of high culture will be dampened by the acquaintance of larger numbers of workers with the programs and services of the communiversity. Better access to information about what the new university is doing will have a positive effect on funding for school systems in the community and prevent hoodwinking intrusions into *school* from the business world, illustrated by the achievement-test emphasis inevitably dragged in with *performance contracting*. As the academy finds itself more a part of the community some of the old ideas of *campus*, even the very division between university and community, will submit to atrophy.

The most critical tyranny of relevance is exercised upon the academy not by the students, but by the future employers of graduates from the university. If employers could think less in terms of reliance upon certification by *school* and more in terms of the essential characteristics of the job, both the academy and the technocracy would be happier places. The worst example of the

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". . . There is more to know than there is to tell."

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intrusion of pragmatism into the institution is teacher certification. *Community* can assume certification responsibilities and reduce pressures within the new university which are inimical to the free pursuit of liberal education generally. There is a good chance that other kinds of organizations could do the accrediting just as well as the university. Employers, in addition, will find ways to advance talent on its own merits as well as on the merits of paper credentials, or risk severe dissatisfaction of employees.

One agency in the community properly vested with interest in the university is the alumni, and in many cases the academy has failed its responsibility to characterize this group realistically. Some graduates are no more interested in football now than they were while they were students. Appropriately addressed, the alumni groups can be potent lobbies for getting the university out of its fiscal predicaments. If education of the community will be a goal of the new university, the most negotiable audience for starters is the alumni. Government offices and legislative seats are filled with the backsides of college

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graduates. All they sometimes need is objective information supporting a decision in favor of education. That is where the university publishing program can have a positive effect: informing a public that requires its services.

Institutional publications can serve the community in other ways. The community of fellow universities can be addressed with news of programs and research. Sharing ideas and discoveries is no improper role for the university, where search for the academic equivalent of industrial spying should be ludicrous.

Emphasis on the *public* focus of university publication ought to incorporate, says the Assembly *Report*, "a 'Hansard' or regular publication reporting on all specific actions, executive, adjudicative and legislative, taken by trustee, faculty, student, staff and administrative groups." After all, the best plug for apparently incriminating leaks to the legislature is ready access to a facility that supplies plenty of information in a hurry. If the instrument for communication is always operative, information can quickly get to the trouble, and allow the university to avoid, for instance, embarrassing squabbles about academic freedom. Such differences between community and university values can frequently be resolved not necessarily by holding back but by piling on more and more information. In some cases the best strategy is suffocation of the antagonist.

VII.

Humility before a limited mastery of a particular subject matter will be a less likely property of the undergraduate as the pressure builds to move away from specialization. However, replacing technological humility will be a sense of social reduction before the immense problems of a newer participatory democracy. The College of the Potomac introduces the student to Town-Meeting governance of the school, and emphasizes "off-campus social-action work for credit." The University Without Walls begins in the community and resorts to the university for centralized accreditation of the student's in-service coursework. There are several other models for this sort of community investment of the undergraduate that modify the role of the old university *in loco uteri*.

Previously the college experience could be expected to produce changes in the student favoring autonomy, greater awareness of himself and the arts, and a diminution in concern for the material. This was true of the most conservative and the most radical students—everybody went in the same direction no matter where they went to school. The difference is that today freshmen come to school where their predecessors left off.

The current of change in the new student's attitudes is still the same, but begins now from a base that includes an acceptance, for example, of marijuana as a way of life—to an extent that either shocks his senior student colleagues or makes them jealous. The new student is likely to come to his predictable disenchantment with the academy more quickly than his predecessor, too. The new freshman is super-sensitized to the features of establishment dissimulation. He is likely to be a touchier animal. No matter how liberal the context of the school, universities can expect student criticism of the limits of their freedom. The professoriate will probably have to give up the fond dream of ever really being loved or appreciated by all of its student constituents at any particular time. One of the suggestions of the Assembly implies the softening of adolescent pout with the introduction of more adults as students. It will probably work, too.

There is also a good likelihood that middle-class students will more frequently be frustrated waiting for working-class peers to catch up. The upcoming welcome to more students who are labeled *disadvantaged* will introduce the culturally sophisticated—that is, sophisticated in manipulating the approved counters of Western Culture—to a slow pace through materials already rehearsed for him in his middle-class high school. The noble goals of the Assembly in their "concern with instructing the undergraduate in the nature of evidence, the forms of proof, the basic premises and axiologies of a discipline" may actually come down to mystifying the unprepared and boring the hell out of the enlightened in our egalitarian new university, but that is the price of academic populism.

To the surprise of professors, women will be coming to college to *study* instead of to hunt for a husband. The professoriate has a long record of not taking women seriously, either as colleagues or as students. Women's liberation will change all that, for mothers will indoctrinate their daughters, join them in Humanities 101, and eventually goad the graduate professor who has not yet recovered from the trauma of distinguishing between his mother and his kindergarten teacher.

The upper class schools will enroll freshmen already equipped, in the words of Harvard senior Chu, "with a world view (thinking) not what Harvard can do *for* them but what they can do *to* Harvard . . . . Eighteen is so much older now than it was before."

In the general-enrollment universities there will be another kind of problem: simple representation of greater numbers of ethnic varieties from the surrounding community. If the egalitarian thrust of the new university is to be felt, Blacks, for instance, will have to be invited in a way that will keep them in school. "At San Francisco State College, Negro enrollment is down from a high of 10 percent in 1958 to 4 percent at the present time," W. F. Brazziel reported last year. If Black enrollment is to grow the way White will, the 400,000 Black college students will need to be one million by 1976. The inadvertent screening by instruments like the College Board examinations will have to be corrected to support discovery of the specific talents of cultural minorities.

Motives for entering the university will have to be appraised in terms of ethnic history too. Certainly Chu's account of what the students want to do to Harvard does not match the interest of Blacks who first of all want merely to get into the university and enjoy "equal access

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to opportunity." The Assembly *Report* recommends that in these cases "colleges and universities ought to establish pre-college and pre-professional school programs, racially integrated . . . . to prepare students for established curricula." Six percent of the enrollment in higher education is Black. Twelve percent of our population is Black. There is some discrepancy here. Recruiting will help get Blacks to the campus in the first place. Implementation of the Assembly's recommendation will help Blacks stay in school.

There is some evidence, from the radical rhetoric, that a large number of students do not believe the academic establishment can pull itself out of its unremitting subservience to community power. The irony is available to all: the students most anxious to see minority privation corrected come from that middle-class segment of our society that has, inadvertently or not, found its advantage in ignoring or exploiting the minorities. The language of the New Left bounces around criticism of their own middle-class parents, suggestive of a kind of self-hatred. In their insistence on freedom for all to do as they please, they are in some cases demanding to choose among the alternatives provided them by the very culture they indict. Tony Ogden writes, "The only real God worth praying to is freedom. Freedom cannot be wrong, because freedom supposes nothing, thinks nothing, plans nothing, and does everything." But a man is constrained by the number of choices open to him, and in either a highly structured society or one with no bounds, he is relegated to choosing or refusing to do what is available. Then arguments like Carl Oglesby's, that "our problems are at root social and political, and not inherent in the societal advance of technology," pinpoint radical values. The New Left wants the new university to equip students for social action so that these future citizens can see to it that technology is employed, if at all, with conscience. Freedom to choose will then operate within newly extended options for social variety, rather than within the choices of TV sets and muscle cars produced by a rampant technology. There is one ominous prospect in all this, echoing George Kateb's "tyranny of the present," and that is the possibility that the new reign of radical design will become as autocratic as corporate technology, and limit choices in its own new way. Oglesby, for example, talks like a man who would emasculate science for raping the culture, when what was indeed going on was a little willing seduction, which within the appropriate term gestated Carl Oglesby, ironically an Academic Oedipus.

Catalogs of young radical demands abound. A beginner's list might help here in measuring what has been asked against what is likely to be attained. Generally young people "are rejecting the Puritan tradition, the work ethic, hierarchical authority of any kind, and the very idea of organization . . . both saving and rational long-range planning are abhorrent to them," says John Fischer. Opening up the curriculum to support of the arts, humanities, and interdisciplinary studies bleeds the work ethic a bit. Town meetings and executive accountability modify the academic hierarchy and diffuse the authority of the organization.

James Braun found, furthermore, that answering student demands requires more particular political and social solutions. Students argued that "there would have to be advances like substantial reparations to Indians and Black Americans; acceptance by the government of its responsibility to feed all the nation's hungry immediately; establishment of a stringent authority with unprecedented powers to combat pollution; and a re-examination and overhaul of modern industrial capitalism, the schools, the length of the work week . . . . and systems for delivery of medical care and public welfare. And of course, an end to the war."

The language and spirit of documents like the Assembly *Report* accede to a number of the young radical demands. In one way or another much of Braun's list appears in the *Report*, insofar as these problems are amenable to academic and moral solutions. Within the *Report* minorities are a prime concern. Social action is either sponsored, included, or credited by the new university in a variety of ways. Additional emphasis is placed on integrative solutions to environmental problems. Even the student "work week" is discussed and the view is enlarged to consider the entire makeup of the work calendar and its community influence.

That these items are mentioned in the Assembly *Report*, of course, does not mean that help is really on its way. These documents are merely recommendations of members of the academic establishment, but what is interesting is the fact that the items and language of the report speak to the kind of appeals made in demonstrations throughout the sixties. If some students believed that politicizing the university would affect the conscience of the society, they currently must feel they have accomplished quite a little, that is, if they have seen the *Report* and have watched its paragraphs creep into university correspondence, bulletins, and alumni magazines.

Much as we might like to reject the rhetoric and certainly the violence of radical criticism of the establishment, we are forced to recognize that history offers few records of rapid social change without violence. The academy has moved over, incorporating radical arguments for change in serious proposals, parts of which already are being employed in the new university. The changes will, in a dialectic sense, become integral to the establishment attacked immediately and in the future. As some have suggested, the future may prove that the level of revolutionary activity is inversely proportional to the frequency of the use of the word *revolution*. When the students of the new university stop talking about the revolution, when they stop telling us to go to hell, it will mean perhaps what it meant in the fifties: the following decade will bring a resurgence of violence, and the academy will once again scurry to get the disenfranchised and the guilt-ridden students back to the task of uncovering the conscience of society. □

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PHILIP LEVINE

IN THE NEW SUN

Filaments of light
slant like windswept rain.
The orange seller hawks
into the sky, a man with a hat
stops below my window
and shakes his tassels.
Awake
in Tetuan, the room filling
with the first colors, and water running
in a tub.

*

A row of sparkling carp
iced in the new sun, odor
of first love, of childhood,
the fingers held to the nose
for hours while the clock hummed.

The fat woman in the orange smock
places tiny greens at mouth
and tail as though she remembered
or yearned instead for forests, deep floors
of needles, and the hushed breath.

*

Blue nosed cannisters
as fat as barrels silently
slipping by. "Nitro," he says.
On the roof he shows me
where Reuban lay down
to fuck-off and never woke.
"We're taken little whiffs
all the time."
Slivers
of glass work their way
through the canvas gloves
and burn. Lifting my black glasses
in the chemical light, I stop

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to squeeze one out and the asbestos
glows like a hand in moonlight
or a face in dreams.

*

Pinpoints of blue
along the arms, light rushing
down across the breasts
missing the dry shadows
under them.
She stretches
and rises on her knees
and smiles and far down
to the sudden embroidery of curls
the belly smiles
that three times stretched slowly moonward
in a hill of child.

*

Sun through the cracked glass,
bartender at the cave end
peeling a hard-boiled egg. Four
in the afternoon,
the dogs asleep, the river
must bridge seven parched flats
to Cordoba by nightfall.
It will never make it.
I will
never make it. Like the old man
in gray corduroy asleep
under the stilled fan, I have
no more moves,
stranded on an empty board.

*

From the high hill
behind Ford Rouge, we could see
the ore boats pulling
down river, the rail yards,
and the smoking mountain.
East, the city spreading
toward St. Clair, miles of houses,
factories, shops burning
in the still white snow.

"Share this with your brother,"
he said, and it was always winter
and a dark snow.

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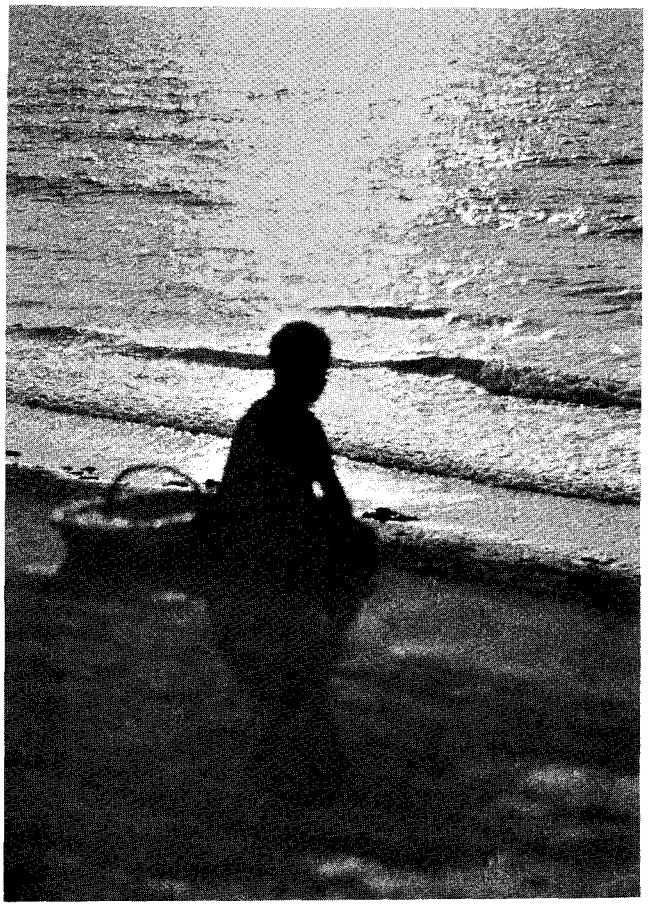
A Story by Inge Trachtenberg

SUPPLY AND DEMAND



INGE TRACHTENBERG has published fiction in TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW, ARIZONA QUARTERLY, *and other magazines. She came to the United States from Berlin when she was 16, presently lives in Englewood, N.J.*

She knows it wrinkles her, but she has need to bake in the sun on the beach, let the heat knead muscles of tension, sweat away the tightness of her cool, ARPEGE powdered flesh, flush the paleness of her creamy cheeks . . .

for suddenly her body is inhospitable, gauntly zigzagged, three-layered, peak'ed . . .

successful matron, intelligent, even beautiful

but the middle layer is the problem, all shut up with polite aloof . . .

and the core, bitter almond kernel bitten by mistake, which longs to retrace . . .

retrace to the days of oozing, rolling-off-the-log sex, the round and oval days
always damp . . . "i've tried every deodorant; far from keeping me dry, they don't even kill the ODOR!"

"GOD FORBID," his nose buried in her flesh . . .

nursing fat babies, and the older ones watching while sucking hungrily on thumbs, drooling . . .

it isn't that she can't achieve sex anymore . . . whenever she must, she gets there by concentrating, and images . . . fingers, roses, and a square box,

and pinpointing

and moving rhythmically . . .

experience has paved the way with round cobblestones which she can recognize under her naked foot, stroking hand, lips . . .

kissing, spreading, grasping

moist and grinding in waving flag circles to touch each deep surface;

she thinks of it as swinging around the maypole, RIBBONED, FLOWERED, YOUNG

and just before the starburst, ridingonthetailofthe-

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comet, SHE ALWAYS THINKS WHAT SHE HAS ALWAYS THOUGHT: 'i'll do this forever, i'll never stop', oh trampoline, oh rhumba . . .

the difference is afterwards . . .

unaggressive as he is as an originator, he is still the best afterlover . . .

suddenly released by the release to do the instinctive thing

lipsmacking, resounding ass smacking, coarse gloating gluttony and grunting,

which used to make her feel infinitely healthy . . .

now she feels it is a fakery

pretending to be in this foreign movie

this painting, behind the corner of the swarthy lion's tail, in the center of this rose, the eye of the purple circle by dali . . .

but not for him.

only she is done with earth-mother, without instead . . .

YES, THAT'S MY PROBLEM, MR. ANTHONY

she rolls over in the sand and bakes her front;

Angela.

Angela is used to thinking logically

so she thinks logically now . . . 'how did this happen to me?' new thought: 'why did i stop oozing?', scream: 'i'm too young to dry up!'

suddenly frantic, logic waving wild arms behind the barricades,

the frenzy is an elevator cable growing from her deepest skull into buttocks so hard they hurt the sand they lie in . . .

she would pound the beach with her heels, but she knows that her heels would splinter, fly into a million green fragments of plexiglass

and return to sink into her breasts as icicles, or icepicks?

. . . her erect breasts

now that she always walks, lies, sits up straight, not round-shouldered anymore with relaxed curves and drooping, ripefruit peariness . . .

"your shoulders bend forward to receive me into your concave," he said once long ago drinking chianti in a garden in italy . . .

"do you know what you said to me, last night, in a garden in italy, drinking chianti?"

and she told him . . .

but he took off his glasses and rubbed them on a large handkerchief, face blind as underground tunnels, secret . . .

and then he laughed, put back the hornrims, his teeth flashed white, his eyes sparkled behind the clean-ness of freshly washed windows, billowing white nylon marquisette . . . "i know, i do remember."

yes they had surprises for each other then . . .

in all the familiarity of the mudbath, the whirlpool, the japanese communal they shared . . .

constant surprises, meeting under the HOT and COLD in the green fragrance of VITABATH, and when the stopper was pulled in the round hole with the waters rushing by and away . . .

is that what is wrong?

logic, bloody headed, gunstock splintered . . . you should see the barricades though . . . logic returns whistling the last bars of onward christian soldiers, and some relaxation . . . at least her shoulderblades touch the heat of the sand again and her stomach unknots with the thought: 'there is eliza, of course,'

but him,

she knows him so well,

this tall STOCKBROKER,

(shame, shame, namecalling) . . .

with the big, dark mustache . . .

the image of aggressive success, hard, shrewd, articular . . .

the reality is ripeplum sweet and swisscheese clean goodness, for goodness sake, hesitant of speech . . .

once he was enormously interesting

the bear, like constellation,

the steel-trap mind,

yet diffidence and scholarship suffused by bashful pride . . .

"did you know that in outermangolia . . ."

the huge laughter

and finding out that for all that he isn't all that strongly sexed beyond the fierce need to love, the gentler need to be loved . . .

oh pride in being catalyst

creating tumescence,

triggering saliva,

erecting . . .

also once the catalyst of a massive fury, scaring her and the lithe, blond tennis player . . .

it hadn't been the man's fault, she was generous

and careless,

spilling then

her cheeks pounding from playing hard,

sweated . . .

the friendly kiss at the net suddenly deep and salty . . .

how surprised he had looked in his red face,

(she thinks now how eliza would have laughed . . .)

such funny, agitated, alert blond hair on his tennis-forehand arm;

he had pulled her into the shed . . .

"YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND BLOND MEN," she had defended herself later, cowering, truly frightened for her life, needing to urinate, thrilled . . .

he never would have, of course . . .

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as the saying goes:
couldn't hurt a fly
or the saying:
ELECTRA COMPLEX
is fourteen so old for a thumb sucked sweetly for comfort or longing?
the steel-rimmed doctor: "THE SEDUCTIVENESS OF YOUR OOZING BREAST"
she had laughed honestly . . . "you're making a pass at me, doctor?"
and he a man whose neck had the fragile look of age already . . .
"i see what barry is up against," in a POWDERDRY voice, ugh . . .
(but not eliza . . .)

restraint for barry
sorrow for phillip who died a long time,
her fat baby, such skin with sparkling lollipop cheekbones, black raspberry eyes, tasting of honey . . .
a small constellation, only the mustache was missing
the most of the most of both of them
a STATEMENT,
A CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT, NOTARIZED STATEMENT what it is all about, period.
as creamy and rich as she . . .
oh, if it had been an accident, and he could have left like that, snap . . .
but to waste
to get hollowed under schoolroomskeletonribcage
cheeks gone
poor buttocks in tired folds
yellow instead of peach
dull instead of shining
whimpering instead
and sour smelling . . .

but then, of course, there is eliza . . .
Angela sits up in the sand.
the sunwhirling blindness of the sudden move spirals through her,
she reaches for the fatty cream and slaps it into her face,
calms as she massages it in, down
through the epidermis, down . . .
her eyes search for eliza . . .

is eliza lying in the hollow of the dune?
Angela smiles, nods
is eliza lying in the circle made by brown, strong lifeguard-legs?
blond tendrils on his chest instead of gray
or just blond fuzz even?
he is nineteen
no slouch, no pushover, young, yes . . .
but no eagerbeaver kid
Angela laughs out loud; he probably looks at eliza wearily, as if she were the menu at luchow's . . . herring in
sourcream to APFELPHANNKUCHEN
rich stuff, indigestion
and is it worth the heartburn, the flames up too high acid in the teeth . . .
Angela nods; the decision made, the young lifeguard will defend, for control . . . converse . . .
what do they talk about?
wrinkles in the forehead,
mccarthy, algebra, parents, stockcarracing . . .
Angela stares into the sunglaring ocean and the scene rises out of smoke, the plastic scene, the technique as on a colored holy picture
like, nuns hand out to good children . . .
she can hear them,
he, she, he, she
"your mother is beautiful,"
yes, blond tendrils and hard nipples
"she's o.k., her shell is still fine."
"her shell?"
"her shell; i've taken the meat out of her . . . sucked it out," Angela sees that eliza makes lips and fingers . . .
ah so; in the circle of the vision the young lifeguard sees
what Angela feels . . . eliza is sucking the lovely pink flesh out of a lobster claw . . .
IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE, OF COURSE
"do you hate her then?"
"oh no!"
"no? well, why then . . . why?"
Angela smiles because eliza will surely grin, silly boy . . .
confused, he will look upside down into the cherry eyes, BING-CHERRY, bing, the smell of her milk, no the smell of her is milk
the boy will stop struggling
let himself grow, swell, throb . . .
"i need it more than she does now," eliza will say
calmly, sweetly . . .
Angela can't see eliza . . .
all the cream is rubbed in now, the oil will counteract the wrinkling action of the sun, the fata morgana melted . . .
she rises and walks toward her house on the other dune
for a moment her mind rushes back . . .
myglassesmykeyswherearethosecarkeys?
but what can you do?
i mean, what can you do?
and it doesn't seem to matter so much now, anyhow, she isn't all the time ruining her dresses with perspiration stains anymore,
as to him . . .
older, yessir, yessiree
a little swollen with success
yea, a little portentous in his authority
just a little pathetic . . . concave and maypole and martinis Angela shrugs . . .
but she smiles . . . oh darling
she feels better . . . □

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I BEAT THE MIDGET

A Story by Mary Clearman

My old man got into the Shetland pony business by accident, when he traded a couple loads of pig feed to a fellow for a yearling Shetland mare. That was when I was six. In two years that mare had a colt, and the old man picked up a couple more ponies on trades, and from then on they multiplied worse than rabbits. By the time I was sixteen and a sophomore in high school, the old man must have had fifty ponies. He let them shift for themselves out in the southwest pasture—he had a little spread about fifteen miles north of Billings, Montana, in those days—and those ponies holed up in the sagebrush and cutbanks, summer and winter. They were wilder than antelopes. You'd be riding through that pasture, and crash! A little bunch of colts would leap up out of the sagebrush and tear off, wild-eyed. Most of them had hardly seen a human. They were tough and ragged, inbred and every crazy color mixture, splotched and pintoed, with manes full of burrs sticking out in every direction and hiding their eyes. They were little—three or three and a half feet at the withers, most of them—less than waist-high on a man, but tough! I've never run into any animal since that was tougher than those wild Shetland ponies of my old man's.

There got to be more and more of them, with the colts growing up and having colts of their own, till I guess the old man started to wonder if the southwest pasture was going to hold them for long. There aren't a whole lot of things you can do with a wild Shetland pony. A no-good horse, you can always sell as a canner, but not Shetland ponies. They only weigh two-three hundred pounds.

So it struck the old man that a good thing to do with these ponies would be to catch some of the younger ones and gentle them, and sell them as kids' pets. You could get fifty to a hundred dollars for gentle ponies then. Of course, my old man was too busy with the pig feed and skim-milk calf business to bother with ponies himself, but he figured that gentling them down would be just the chore for me.

So I started gentling ponies. That was the summer I had wanted to try out for the American Legion baseball team in town—they had a good ball club in Billings, those summers, and I wasn't a bad catcher—but nothing would do but I had to spend the summer fighting those ponies.

Jesus! How I got to hate Shetland ponies. I was at that age where I was starting to see that the old man and his pig feed route didn't stack up for much, and the pony business didn't look much better. It took me the first two weeks of June to run enough of the little bastards out of the sagebrush so that I could cut out some colts. I rode that pasture in ninety-degree heat with a Levi jacket and the old man's batwing chaps, but I still had thorn cuts and a lot of bruises from the scrub pines. Old Beauty, the chore horse, was sorefooted by the time I had those colts cut out, and I was ready to quit right then.

The old man's theory of horse-breaking, which I used on those ponies, was the old-time bronc-stomper approach, the old man having been a cowboy before he got busted up and got married. First you got your animal into the round corral, and you chased him around and around for most of an hour, if you were as poor a hand with a rope as I was, trying to front-foot him. That summer I finally got so I could snare a pony eventually, even when I couldn't actually lasso him. The old man would sit on the top corral pole and cluck about how he could rope when *he* was sixteen. But snaring worked out the same. When that lariat hit a wild pony's feet, he'd let out a squeal like a pig getting gelded, and then he'd go straight up in the air, come down and go up again. You'd of thought he was a goddamn Superball, the way he'd bounce.

This would go on for an hour or so, me jerking the pony's feet out from under him every time he got up, and him hitting the corral dust and bouncing and going straight up, till my arms were about ready to come out of their sockets, and his knees had the hell skinned out of them, and he stopped jumping and started sulking instead. Then I'd spook him over one more time, so he'd land on his side, and the old man would climb off the top corral rail and help me hog-tie him. Then I'd start the second step in the old man's horse-training program.

That was to get a gunny sack out of the chicken house and flap it all over the hog-tied colt, until he stopped wincing at it. Sacking out, the old man called it. He said that after a day or two most broncs got over shying at the sack. But those damned ponies never stopped. They'd get kind of numb and dazed after a while, but after an hour's rest they were as spooky as ever.

After I got a pony sacked out, I'd tie him to a corral post and leave him there overnight. The old man's theory was that the pony'd wear himself out fighting the post and see that he couldn't get away. Therefore, when I went to lead him to water the next morning, he wouldn't fight me any more than he'd fight the post.

But these ponies did one of two things. Either they planted their feet and let their eyes roll back in their heads and let their necks stretch, until I was practically dragging them along with all four feet rigid, or else they followed right along, watching for a chance, and wham! They'd hit the end of that rope, and it'd rip through my hands, taking the skin with it. The old man just shook his head. Never saw such stubborn little bastards,

---

MARY CLEARMAN still lives in Montana. The NAR *has published her fiction in the past, and will in the future.*

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he said. I knew I hadn't. I just kept dragging them to water, wondering how the guys were coming out at the ball park, and cursing the old man.

Once they were halter-broken, or at least were at the point where I could drag them to the water trough and back without taking the rest of the skin off my hands, it was time to start riding them. That was the real circus. Oh, Jesus.

You can't get a saddle to stay on one of those ponies. At least, I never could. They haven't got any withers at all, and their skin is loose and rolls like a mutt dog's. After a couple of saddles had ended up under their bellies, I started riding them bareback and taking my chances.

There's nothing quite like riding a Shetland colt, I swear to God. You don't have hardly anything to sit on, and nothing to get a knee-grip on. You can feel that bundle of springs down there, bouncing around and throwing its head back and trying to split your balls, but all you can see is this mess of streaked black and brown and white mane, and once and a while an ear sticking up through the hair. Being so short-legged, of course they've got no gait, even when you've got them lined out in one direction. They just jar up and down. And buck! They can turn inside out in midair.

Somehow or other I got three of those colts about half-way broke to ride that summer, though I never could really lead them, and the old man took them down state and peddled them for fifty bucks apiece. I wondered what kind of kids got them, and what they did with them. I didn't care much, though, because I was so glad to get rid of them. They were too damned ornery, and even after they got part tamed, I hated riding them. It wasn't just the jarring. My legs hung way down past their knees, and I knew I looked like some kind of fool. If any kid I knew had seen me, I'd have died. It would have been worse than having the old man hauling his pig feed around town. Those ponies made me look like a big overgrown lummox, even though there wasn't a one of them that didn't buck me off at least twice. I had more bruises that summer than I ever got playing baseball.

Well, my old man sold the ponies and counted his money, and it looked good to him. But then he hadn't been bucked off and ploughed up any corral dirt with his face, and he still had the skin on his hands, and he hadn't been half-ruptured. He sent me out for another batch of colts. It was the middle of August, and he figured I could get a good start on them before school started. So I went out and combed the sagebrush again on Old Beauty, cursing the old man under my breath till I got out of earshot, and then cursing him out loud. I finally ran in another little bunch of ponies. And that was the time I really made a mistake, because one of the ponies in that bunch was the Midget.

The Midget was a full three-year-old, the old man said. That was later, when we'd tied him down to castrate him, and the old man could get a look in his mouth. He was still a stallion when I brought him into the corral that first time, and showier than any of the others. He was a bay and white pinto, with black streaks in his mane and tail, and he had a way of arching his neck and challenging you from across the corral like some wild desert stallion out of a painting. And he looked a little like an Arabian, with that arched neck and dish face. Except he was pinto, and coarser built, and pint-sized. He was in good shape (Shetland ponies can keep fat anywhere, even on sagebrush) and with the sun shining on his bay coat, he was a pretty sight to see.

So, because I liked his looks and the way he held his head, I kept him in. I should have known better. I should have kept in the scrawniest, raunchiest ponies in the bunch. They'd have at least given me an even chance.

I hazed the others out, and left the Midget alone in the round corral. He didn't have a name then, just the bay and white stud. The old man started calling him the Midget later on, to badger me when I had such a fight with him. He stood across the corral with his head up, looking through his foretop at me, uneasy about the lariat I was coiling.

"Jesus," said the old man from the top rail. "He's got a chest on him. He'd make a rope horse if he was just full-sized. You better watch that little bastard, Jimmy."

I got my rope coiled and built me a loop. With the old man watching, I usually made two or three tries at front-footing the colt. The Midget had his tail against the fence, moving his feet like a boxer and watching that rope.

"Hah," I said, slapping my leg to get him running. "Hah, get outa there."

To front-foot a horse, you get him running along the corral fence, and you snake your loop right in front of him. Both front feet go in, and you set yourself and bust him over on his nose. But you have to get both front feet. Just one, and you don't have much control. And you have to jerk him off balance. It's all in the timing. The old man claimed that in his cowboying days, he could front-foot a horse just right and break his neck. I never saw anybody do that. Not on purpose, anyway.

"Yeah," I yelled at the Midget, and he spun away from the fence and tore past me, kicking up dust and little chunks of dried manure. I swung my rope and missed by about ten feet. The old man sat up there chortling while I dragged my loop in and coiled it up again.

The Midget watched. He wasn't rolling-eyed and shivering like the other colts. Just ready, kind of easy on his feet, like a pro getting set to steal second base.

"Look at him," the old man growled. "Acts like he knows what a rope's all about. Wonder if them goddam kids from town've been comin' out and runnin' them ponies."

I didn't know. I got my loop ready again, and hazed the Midget away from the fence. He started to stampede past me, then swapped directions and came

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right at me, ears flat. I yelled and gave my loop a heave in his face. For a minute all I could see was hoofs and the shaggy hair on that pony's belly. Something whacked me in the ribs and I yelled again, then I could see blue sky and clouds right over me, but I didn't have time to look, because the rope was going through my hands and jerking me over in the dirt. The Midget was at the other end of that rope, making it whang. I'd caught one front foot just by accident as he charged over the top of me.

I got up and spat out a mouthful of dirt and straw and looked across the corral. The Midget stopped and looked back, waiting.

"Jesus Christ!" the old man howled. "If I'd ever let a little bitty snot knock me ass over teakettle in the middle of a corral, I'd of drawed my walkin' papers. Stumble-footed kid! Baseball!"

"You want to try?" I asked him. He just cackled.

Somehow I either had to get that rope off the Midget's foot or else manage to bust him with just one, and either was going to be a hell of a fight. The old man just sat up there and grinned. Since my mom died, there'd been nobody to make him clean up once in a while, or change his clothes. I looked up at him, grinning down at me all bewhiskered and toothless, with his upper teeth weighting down the front shirt pocket where he carried them, and wished I had him on the other end of a rope.

The Midget waited, ready to jump in either direction, while the sun burned down on his shiny bay coat and on the corrals and the trampled-down grass in the yard, and reflected off the broken window in the old man's truck. The sweat was running down the back of my neck and on down my spine, and I didn't want to mess with that pony. He wasn't even scared, not like the others. They might kick or bite or stampede, but that was because they were afraid. Not him. He waited. The minute I moved that rope, though, I could tell he was tense.

I figured my best bet was to try to bust him with one foot in the rope. Maybe I could get him down without getting kicked myself. And if I didn't, maybe he'd kick off the rope, and I could start all over again.

I shook the rope. "Hey! Hah!"

The Midget just stood there, so I took a run at him and flapped my hat. He jumped sideways then, but instead of stampeding away and hitting the end of the rope hard, he dove around me in a circle.

"Watch out, you gonna get tangled in that rope!" the old man whooped. I didn't have to be told that. Another few feet and that damn pony would have had a turn of the lariat around my middle. I ran with him, we were both running in a tight circle, and the old man was laughing. I finally made it to the corral fence. The Midget stopped and arched his neck at me.

"Hoo!" The old man was wiping tears out of his whiskers. "Hee! Baseball!"

My hair was hanging down in my eyes as bad as the Midget's and sweat was getting in my mouth, and I was ready to kill the old man. Him or that pony, one or the other. There he sat, laughing at me under his greasy hat, just because I was no cowboy and wanted to play baseball. Damn it, I was a pretty fair catcher, it was what I wanted to do, and a hell of a better way to spend my time than fighting Shetland ponies and maybe going into the pig feed business. I lunged at the Midget again, whooping at him, and this time he did stampede, right at me, I ducked, tasting dust and fine manure again as he went over me, and more trying to get out of his way than to bust him, I leaned into the rope. I couldn't see for dust, but that rope stretched out and hummed, and jerked me over on my back.

I rolled over to get out of the way of the rope, but it wasn't tight, just jerking like hell. The old man had scrambled down off the corral fence and landed on the Midget's head. The Midget was squealing and kicking, making that rope whip like a rattlesnake in a fit, but he couldn't get up. You sit on a horse's head, he can't get up, and you're safe as long as you lean back far

STEVEN FUSON

HEART LAND

The old, old water trough,
upper edges worn smooth
by necks of drinking horses,
weathered wood almost black,
stands in the barn yard
beneath an apple tree
collecting white blossoms.

Not a man around
who hears hoofs approaching
through tall green grass,
not one sees reflections
of long heads in the trough,
not one sees them dip
to lap the water-blossoms.
The horses are alone
in their springtime drinking.

In June, when breezes blow warm,
bringing soft-scented odors
across the green meadow,
often a spotted pony
will raise his head to question
why, and then
with the sun on his back
he will dance in the grass.

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enough that he can't reach up with a hind foot and kick you in the teeth. The old man was leaning back, grinning from ear to ear, with a good grip. The Midget could kick all he wanted.

"We'll cut this sonofabitch," the old man cackled. "That'll take the starch out of him."

We hog-tied him, finally. With all the old man's blowing, the Midget was all he wanted to handle. We were both dripping sweat and the Midget was wet all over by the time we had him fast. Then the old man got out his jack-knife and whetstone and started sharpening it while I built a little fire out of pitch-pine.

The vets will come out and geld a stud for you, but they charge twenty-thirty dollars and mileage, and of course the old man wasn't going to go for that. He took a chance of his horse bleeding to death or dying of lock-jaw, but I've known of horses bleeding after the vets finished with them. And it wasn't like one of those Shetlands was worth much to start with. Anyway, the old man always seared the wound, and he had pretty good luck with the colts he cut.

With a calf, you can just castrate him and shake on some powder to keep off the flies, but with a horse, you've got to sear the big blood vessel shut to keep him from bleeding to death. So I built my little fire out of pitch-pine and heated a branding iron while the old man spat on his whetstone and sharpened his knife.

"Got a lot of jewels here for a little snot," he said, and went to work with his knife.

I didn't know how I felt about it. I knew the Midget would be easier to handle as a gelding, but still he'd been a pretty sight with the arch in his neck and his head up. And I'd read the horse books when I was a kid, all about this stallion or that, that some kid tamed. But they at least had horses they could ride in public, some wild desert stallion or island stallion, not like this half-pint fire eater I'd drawn. So I stood there and watched until the old man had finished, and thrown the testicles to the dog, that wasn't supposed to go near the corrals but that hung around anyway, and then I fetched the old man the branding iron. The Midget hardly moved.

"Okay, Jimmy," said the old man finally. "Let him loose and turn him in the lower corral. He can get a little green feed there, and you can try him again in a day or two."

I opened the gate to the lower corral, and then untied the Midget. It took a couple kicks to get him on his feet, but once he was moving I got him hazed into the lower corral without any trouble. He wandered down by the creek and stood there with his head hanging. I watched him off and on for the rest of the afternoon, while I worked with the other colts, but he didn't move. Once in a while he'd lash his tail at a fly. A little blood had trickled down the insides of his hind legs, and I wondered whether the old man had got him seared all right, but as the afternoon went on I could see it was drying and caking. By evening the Midget had left the creek and was hunting a little grass, so I figured he'd be all right.

He was more than all right. The next morning I went down to the corral before breakfast to see how he was. He was grazing, but his head shot up when I came around the barn, and I could tell he was poised, watching to see what I was going to do. You wouldn't have known anything had happened to him.

"Yep," the old man cackled, "he's waitin' for you all right."

I left him alone all that day, telling myself that I wanted to be sure his wound was healed. It wasn't till the afternoon of the next day that I opened the gates between the corrals again and hazed him through. There wasn't any drooping, one-foot-after-another. He went through the gate at a hard trot, eyes on me all the way. The colt I had tied outside nickered to him, and the Midget threw back his head and nickered back.

I closed the gate and started working the kinks out of my rope, taking my time. The Midget stood with his tail against the corral poles and his head up and facing me, waiting until I was ready. The instant I had that lariat gathered up, he went tense.

I built my loop and started towards him. I didn't want to catch him, I didn't want any part of him. The old man had gone off with a load of junk to peddle at an auction, but he might just as well have been perched on the top rail. I could almost hear him cackle. It was hot, nearly a hundred degrees, and the sweat was running down my arms and chest and collecting around my belt. The Midget was crusted with salt where his sweat had dried.

After I'd tried to front-foot him and had missed four times, though, the Midget was running fresh sweat and breathing heard. I was blowing, and I had a sideache, and I was positive that I was never going to front-foot that snaky little bastard, not if I practiced the rest of the summer. The first time, the time I'd got one front foot, had been by accident. And the Midget was cagier now than ever, ducking back and forth, doubling like an eel and keeping an eye on the loop. He was skipping past it and making it look easy. I was licked.

It occurred to me that if I couldn't front-foot him, maybe I could rope him around the neck. He wouldn't be expecting it, so the first time, at least, I'd have some advantage. What I'd do once I had him roped around the neck, I didn't know. But at least I'd have him *caught*. The old man wasn't going to be gone forever, and he was going to have plenty to say when he found out I couldn't even snare that pony.

The sun was raising blisters on the back of my neck and glaring off the side of the barn, so I had to squint into it. The Midget just watched me as I coiled up my last loop. Damn him, if I could once get my hands on him, I'd kill him.

"Yee-ah!" I yelled feverishly, and swung the loop. The Midget looked wise and sidestepped, lifted his fore-feet daintly over the spot where the loop was supposed to drop, and snaked past me. I let the coils slip through my fingers at the last possible second, saw the loop go

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up and settle over that shiny neck. Just as I'd half hoped and more than half feared, the Midget'd expected me to try for his front feet again, and now I had him.

Oh, Jesus, did I. He hit the end of the rope and squealed, jerking his head back and taking another piece of skin off my hands, tearing back and forth with his neck muscles until my boot heels were jarred out of their hold. Then he flattened his ears, bared his teeth, and came right at me. I yelled, too, and ducked around the snubbing post in the middle of the corral. If I could get a couple turns of the rope around the post, I might choke the Midget to death, but he wouldn't run me down.

He knew what I was thinking, and was right behind me as I dived around the post. Just once I thought his teeth were closing in on the small of my back, but only his nose grazed me, and I was around the post again. I stopped and leaned back on the rope. The Midget stopped too, braced, his breath rattling through the tight noose.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to see him choke to death right there before my eyes. Finally I took a couple half-hitches around the post and went and got a rope halter. Maybe I could get that on him.

He watched me coming back, his breath rattling huskier than ever. The side of his tongue was shoving between his teeth, and foam was soaking into the dirt under his chin.

"Easy boy," I said. My voice sounded pretty funny, but I didn't like to hear him breathe like that. I reached out, being careful to keep the post between us. He didn't move. I edged the halter a little closer to his nose, working it down, trying to get it under his chin. The Midget's eyes were glazing over, and I wondered if he was really choking to death. Then I had the halter under his chin and started easing it up. Another inch and the top of the halter would be flopping over his ears, and I could fasten it. I eased up, the halter flopped against him, and then the world turned red.

I didn't know where I was, except that everything was moving in a crazy direction, and the Midget's teeth were in my belly, and one foreleg seemed to have got wrapped around my ribs, and somewhere miles away that fool dog was yapping like a maniac. I still had the halter in my hands, it was still over the Midget's head, I was buckling it, and then something smashed into my nose and I thought I'd been split in half. Then I was flat in the corral dust, and the Midget was braced at the other end of his rope, rattling, the halter in place. Something warm was making my neck sticky, and darkening the corral dirt under my face. I put up a hand, to see if my nose was still there, and it came away full of blood.

It was the sight of my own blood that set me off, but there was more to my explosion than that. All of a sudden, sitting there in the corral with the sun clotting the blood on my face and my head ringing, everything came together: that damned pony, my catcher's mitt getting stiff in my dresser drawer, the old man and his dirty whiskers, and Pauline Ledbetter snickering at our pick-up driving past the school. I hated the old man, I hated the Midget and the whole tribe of worthless wild Shetlands, I guess I hated myself. There was an old singletree just outside the corral gate, two and a half feet of cured oak with six inches of chain attached to one end, and the next thing I knew, I had it and was laying the chain end of it across the Midget.

I beat him until my arm was numb. He jerked back on the rope until his eyes bugged out, but he couldn't get away, and I brought that singletree down on his head, nose, back, legs—once I caught my own legs with the chain on the rebound, and that made it all the worse. Somebody was cussing, screaming, crying, in a funny high voice, and it was me. I beat, and I beat, and I beat, and I liked it. I liked those welts to raise out of that smooth skin, I liked the blood to run, I liked to see him brace back on that rope while the blood and sweat mixed and his eyes filmed. I beat until my arm was numb and I couldn't feel the singletree in my hand any more.

Then I stopped, and I looked down at the singletree. It was like somebody else's hand was holding it. I didn't know who I was, but I was somewhere outside of Jimmy. Jimmy, that poor slob, was standing in the middle of a corral with blood running down his face and holding a bloody singletree. I was looking down at Jimmy and at the bay and white and bloodied pony, and hearing a meadow lark whistle from a pile of junk on the other side of the corral. The sun was blazing down on Jimmy, but it wasn't touching me.

After a while I dropped the singletree and fetched the powder we'd used to keep the flies off the Midget's balls. I shook it on the worst of the cuts, and he just stood there, not even shuddering when I touched him. Then I got my knife out and cut the rope. He took a step back and staggered. I opened the gate to the lower corral and hazed him through. He could get water and green feed there, and some shade. Then I went to the house and cleaned up my own face. I still wasn't feeling like myself.

The old man came home about dusk. He saw the Midget grazing, and looked at me, but he didn't say anything. He looked around the corrals, but he never did say anything.

In fact, he didn't say anything more about Shetland ponies. The Midget stayed in the lower corral while his cuts healed, and the next week the old man made a deal with a promoter to take the whole herd off his hands. The promoter was collecting stock for junior rodeos, and he wanted the ponies for bucking stock. I didn't even help drive the rest of the ponies out of the sagebrush. The old man and the promoter did that. Then they loaded them up and trucked them off, Midget and all. We never saw any of them again.

The old man and I got along better after that, even though I lived at home until I was old enough to enlist. But I've never had much to do with livestock since then. It scared hell out of me that day, seeing the kid I used to be standing there in the sun with a bloody singletree in his hands, while this stranger in me watched. □

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A Story by Harriet Sirof

FIFTY

The telephone was ringing but there was no answer. She could hear it through the earpiece ringing far away, ringing and ringing and ringing. It could ring for all eternity and no one would pick it up at the other end and say, "I am here." It would go on ringing unanswered until the wires melted or until someone ugly shouted for it to stop.

Agatha Parsons reached out and pushed the button on her Baby Ben. The alarm bell was stilled, but in her dream the telephone pealed one last desperate time. She tried to hold on to the dream, to step into it awake and fortified with the strength and cunning of her conscious mind and make contact. But it was too late. The dream was gone.

She lay exhausted. Each morning it was harder to get up. Going to sleep early did not help; no matter what time she went to bed she woke each morning a little more tired than the day before. One day she would be so tired that she would lie here permanently.

It was not always that way. Why, when she was in high school back in Ohio she came fully and gladly awake the moment the sun touched her bed. She remembered that she slept with the curtain open so she could wake to sunshine. And when she came to New York, first to college and then to work, she always woke promptly at the alarm's first beep. When had it changed? She could not remember.

It was hard to think. The dream had been worse than usual. She dreamed that she was on her way to the office (not Amalgamated Industries where she works now but Meyerson and Pupfer which had been "the office" for nineteen years—only in the dream it is also the principal's office at McKinley High). She is late and she hurries along the street. She passes the familiar landmarks, Radio City Music Hall and Hunter College and her grandmother's house in Pleasantville, but the streets turn and twist in spite of their familiarity and she has the uncomfortable feeling of being lost. Then she sees a telephone booth. Everything will be all right now. She will call to say that she is late and they will understand. She tries to look up the number but there is no directory and she runs down the street looking for one only to discover that she is clutching the directory to her breast as she runs. She sits down on the curb with her feet in the gutter and opens the book on her lap, running her anxious fingers down the columns. The pages flip in the wind. She tries to hold them with her hands, but in spite of all her efforts the book comes apart and the pages sail away in the wind.

She is in a big room, like a railroad station only there are no trains, just telephones lining the walls. She is pleased to have found her way into the center of communication and reaches for the nearest phone. The receiver comes away in her hand. She runs to the next one, only to have her dime come back with a final-sounding ping. She runs frantically from telephone to telephone, but they are all dead. All the lines are dead. Then she is standing in a dirty phone booth leaning her face against the dark glass sobbing with frustration and panic and listening through the receiver to the far-off unanswered ringing.

Agatha glanced at the clock. The half-hour she allowed herself for staying in bed was gone. She gathered herself together in preparation for rising. She felt stiff all over and her back gave a sharp twinge as she sat up. She told herself that you had to expect not feeling so well as you grew older. And she was growing older. She was fifty years old today. Even if she lived to be a hundred, half her life was gone. She had spent five-sevenths of her biblical three score and ten.

She started her breakfast cooking while she showered and dressed. Women who lived alone often skimped on meals, but Agatha cooked as carefully for herself as for a family. Breakfast accounted for a full third of her day's nutritional intake. She had almost finished eating her oatmeal when it occurred to her that she should have made something special in honor of her birthday. It was too late now to prepare something different, but she would have a piece of cake with her coffee. She did not really

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HARRIET SIROF lives in "a large Victorian house" in Brooklyn with her psychologist husband and three children. This is her first published short story.

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care for sweets early in the day, but there should be something to mark a half-century of living besides a card from her sister-in-law in Ohio.

Agatha's brother Wilbur had married the sort of woman who never forgot an occasion. Every year she punctually dispatched a card for Agatha's birthday and a card and a gift for Christmas. For years the Christmas card featured pictures of Wilbur and May's children, but now the children were grown and the cards contained a snow scene, a printed greeting, and "Love from all of us here" scrawled in May's hasty writing under the printed signature. Wilbur never wrote. He and Agatha had not been close, even as children.

Agatha poured her coffee and bit into her cake. The cake was left from last night's dinner. It was slightly stale but she had decided on cake for her birthday and she would eat cake, and chew it properly too.

The undigested cake lay in a heavy lump in Agatha's stomach as she hurried along the street to the subway station, but she was not going to let a little nausea make her late for work. She made a point of setting an example of promptness and dependability for the irresponsible girls under her in the typing pool. She was always precisely on time, not too early but never a second late. She took it as a compliment that they called her "Old Faithful" behind her back.

Mr. Pupfer had valued her reliability. "What would I ever do without you, Aggie?" If he said it once he said it a hundred times. But Mr. Pupfer was dead and he did not need her any more. His son, who took over the business, did not really need her either, though he was willing to keep his father's secretary at the same salary. After nineteen years of being depended on Agatha felt her lack of responsibility keenly, so she left. Now, with thirty girls to supervise, she had plenty of responsibility but it was not the same. She still mourned for Mr. Pupfer. Mr. Pupfer would understand why she could not miss her train no matter how she felt.

Her train was pulling in below as she fumbled a token into the turnstile and went down the stairs at a dead run, making it into the car just as the doors closed behind her. She hung on to a pole, her lungs laboring to make use of air that seemed bereft of oxygen, wishing desperately that the young man sitting in front of her and pointedly ignoring her would give her his seat.

What would it take to make him get up? If she fainted, letting go of the pole, letting it slide out of her clammy grasp, crumpling at his feet, would he notice? Or would he stare coldly ahead, shutting her outside the walls of his eyes? If she died? If she died and fell down and down into the bottomless void, swirling like a feather, her dried corpse settling lightly on his lap, would he notice then, or would he brush her away without ever knowing she had lived?

She leaned against her upstretched arm and closed her eyes. The sound of the train battered against her ears, the sound of the wheels against the rails, pounding, grinding, vibrating, ringing, ringing, ringing in her ears and head. The vibrations of the wheels shuddered against her feet, making her legs tremble and vibrate like fiddle strings, drawing notes from her body, rising notes, notes rising to meet the ringing in her head, until she was filled with sound. Suspended in the enveloping sound she was carried along, picking up speed, hurtling through receding tunnels, onward, faster and ever faster, carried along in the rushing flow.

"Do you feel all right, Ma'am? Would you like to sit down?"

Agatha opened her eyes. The face before her was familiar. She squinted in an effort to attach a name to the face. It was not her brother Wilbur, nor any of her cousins. A boy she had known in high school perhaps? Or James? James? "I am quite all right," she told the young man who had finally offered his seat, "but as long as you are polite enough to make the offer, I accept with gratitude." She settled herself in his place and proceeded to ignore him.

Eventually the train reached her station and she rose automatically. Her feet carried her along the crowded platform, up the stairs, on to the sidewalk, and down the block to the corner where she was stopped by a traffic light. The light turned green and the crowds surged across the intersection pushing and hurrying to get to work. Agatha stood stock-still among the moving mass. She did not know where she was going. For nineteen years, every morning, five days a week, except for holidays and vacations, she had walked confidently along the same streets to the office. Now suddenly, she found herself on the wrong street. How had it happened? What should she do?

She must be even more tired than she thought. She shook her head ruefully, to show herself and anyone who might be watching how foolish she had been, and continued down the block to the Amalgamated Industries Building. All the way up the elevator to the fourteenth floor she asked herself how she could have imagined she was still working for Meyerson and Pupfer. She walked down the sleek, antiseptic corridor, blinking her eyes to clear her vision. Fluorescent light was bad for the eyes. Mr. Pupfer always had frosted bulbs in the office.

At three minutes to nine Agatha was standing in back of her desk to note which of the girls came rushing in at the last minute. She checked her watch against the large electric clock on the wall. It had lost one minute since she checked it yesterday morning. For such a fragile-looking thing, the watch was amazingly accurate and dependable.

"Happy twenty-third birthday," James had said as he handed her the little box wrapped in gold-flecked paper and garnished with a gold bow, a jewelry store clerk's idea of elegance.

Agatha opened the box with a show of eagerness although she knew what she would find inside. (She was the one who had decided against an engagement ring, insisting that it was unpatriotic to flaunt private happiness in wartime, knowing that James would respond

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to any appeal to his patriotism—his 4-F status gnawed at him—and James had agreed.) She drew in her breath when she saw the actual watch. It was a perfect gold oval with a pale cream-colored face set off by whispers of gold numbers and hands. The three tiny diamonds clustered at each end of the oval accented the perfection of its shape.

"It's beautiful!" she breathed, looking at James in wonder. How could ordinary James, with a face you saw in a crowd and forgot, have chosen this exquisite object?

"I'm glad you like it." His obvious pleasure in her pleasure reassured her. She kissed him in gratitude, and when he folded his arms around her she stayed contentedly against him secure in the knowledge that he was her dependable James. If he occasionally surprised her, it was of no importance.

But in the end he surprised her, and it was important. It was the day after V-E day. Agatha lay on her side on the hide-a-bed, one elbow propping up her head, the other hand stirring the cup of cooling coffee perched on the bed next to her, wondering if she would spill the coffee all over the cover if she sat up or if she could drink it without moving. She was filled with the let-down of a New Year's Day, only worse. James, on the floor near her, put his cup into his saucer with a final-sounding click and cleared his throat. Agatha squirmed. When he cleared his throat that way it meant he was about to say something he considered important. She would have to listen patiently, but at the moment she did not feel very patient.

James cleared his throat again. "It's about time we got married," he said.

She had not expected that. His job, or a matter of conscience—James was very strong on conscience—but not that. "There's still Japan," she answered. "Who knows how long that could go on."

"We're not talking war, Aggie. We're talking about us."

"My head hurts. Rub it for me." She beckoned him on to the hide-a-bed with her. He stayed on the floor. He could be so stubborn sometimes. Of course she would bring him around the way she always did, but why did it have to be now? Her head really did ache.

"You can't have it both ways any more." He spoke in the even tone of a man who has at last made up his mind.

She wanted to protest. We have a bargain, you and I. You are my ballast and I am your leavening and you must always be here for me. But the bargain, like so much between them, was unspoken, and the habit of speaking in conventional phrases was too well set to break. She said the conventional thing, "I love you."

"Then set the date."

She did want to marry him, but first she had to do something, be something, find herself. How could she explain? If he loved her he would understand. "I'm not ready yet."

He persisted in not understanding. "We've been engaged for two years."

She was filled with rage at his obtuseness, and flung the words at him out of her need to hurt him as he hurt her by not knowing her, "If you aren't willing to wait a while for me, then maybe we'd better call the whole thing off."

He looked at her carefully as if he were seeing her in a new light and not liking what the light revealed. He cleared his throat, "Maybe we had better."

Agatha wanted to call her words back, to make it be five minutes ago, and have it all to do over. But it was too late. Somewhere in her secret self she had known all along that it would happen like this. The pattern was set and she had to go on.

Before he left, she offered to return the watch. "What would I do with it?" he asked, as if even her watch no longer had any value to him. When he was gone she was determined to throw the watch away to show him, but it kept good time and she had grown used to the feel of it on her wrist.

Afterward she told herself it would never have worked out. James was not man enough for her; she would have died of boredom. She never found a man who was good enough, nor did she regret not having settled for second best. But once, during that period when she was going from job to job trying to find one that would give her a start toward being a great writer, before she realized that she was not going to make it, that she did not have the talent or the ambition, once there was an office party to celebrate the office manager's wedding. Agatha had a few drinks too many and began to cry, confiding to one of the girls that weddings awakened her grief for her fiancé's death, and brought back the awful moment when she opened the telegram regretting to inform her that he had been killed in action. It was soon enough after the war—veterans were still wearing little gold eagles in their lapels—for the story to be believable. The other girl, who had a few drinks as well, looked at Agatha's engagement watch and began to cry too. A few weeks later Agatha went to work for Mr. Pupfer.

At nine o'clock precisely, noting that all the desks but one were filled, Agatha began her day's work. At nine-five Gloria Lymann swished in, sat down at her typewriter without visible hurry, and began adjusting the ribbon and brushing imaginary specks off the carriage.

"The company employs several men to see that the office equipment is always in good working order," Agatha informed her.

"Just checking that they're doing their job."

"Perhaps if you are finished checking you could find time to type these." Agatha held out the monthly inventories.

Gloria's eyes slid across the papers in Agatha's hand and a look of total bafflement appeared on her face. It was amazing how stupid she could look when she tried. Her hands stayed in her lap. Agatha experienced the shaky feeling in her stomach that came with every en-

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counter with Gloria. She took a deep breath to still the shaking, carefully placed the inventories on Gloria's desk, and walked resolutely away. Behind her back Gloria called, "Anything you say, Miss Parsons. I always do whatever you say." The girl at the next desk tittered.

Agatha tried to pretend she had not heard either the comment or the giggle that greeted it. She walked back to her own desk with her back held stiff against any other shafts Gloria might toss after her. To her surprise, there were none. She lowered herself into her chair in safety. Her stomach heaved at the motion, sending a mouthful of bitter acid up into her mouth.

Before Gloria came, the office had run smoothly. The work ran into the typewriters and out again at the proper rate, and if occasionally girls were slow or lazy Agatha reminded them of what she expected and they improved, and they all said, "Good morning, Miss Parsons" and "Good night, Miss Parsons" with the proper respect. Then Gloria came.

Gloria was evil. It seemed incredible to Agatha now that she had not immediately recognized the evil in that sensuous walk, those seeking eyes, and that knowing laugh. But she had been blind. The rigid order she imposed on the office had worked too well. She was like a strict school teacher sitting in lonely authority on the dais while her pupils worked diligently below her, hoping that someone would misbehave to break the monotony, but knowing she would quell any disturbance with a look. Gloria seemed a welcome diversion, an exotic bird of paradise amidst a flock of sparrows. Agatha imagined her in the role of teacher's pet, adoring pupil, protégé, and perhaps even friend. To buy Gloria's approval, Agatha exempted her from the rules she firmly enforced for the other girls.

When Gloria showed her true black nature by taking shameless advantage of her favored position, Agatha first felt betrayed and then outraged. Gloria had tricked her into committing an error of judgment, and to regain her own dignity, Agatha had to punish Gloria. She bore down with all the weapons her position of authority provided. She saved the most unpleasant jobs for Gloria and pounced on her smallest mistake.

Instead of being cowed, Gloria took up the fight with a will. She employed the classic weapons of the underdog: feigned stupidity and calculated inefficiency. To these she added her own talent for sarcasm and mimicry. She baited Agatha with a smile, and Agatha retreated into a rigid dignity that made her appear ridiculous. The other girls followed the progress of the feud avidly —it fulfilled them to see Gloria act as they never dared— and gradually they began to laugh at Agatha behind her back. Her authority slipped away. Even the most docile girls were no longer in awe of her. Agatha felt alone and unprotected in a strange land.

The phone on her desk rang and Agatha jumped. She was sure it was bad news, but it was only Accounting about the production reports. Agatha spoke to the girl typing the reports and then walked slowly up and down the aisles checking on the work in progress. On the surface everything seemed under control, the way it used to be before Gloria, but underneath she could feel disaster brewing.

Her feet bore her irresistibly toward Gloria's desk. She was not going to stop, not going to become involved, but Gloria had been too quiet this morning and it made her uncomfortable. She would just make sure Gloria was not up to anything. But her feet stopped, her hands picked up Gloria's completed work, and her eyes examined it. To her amazement, for Gloria's method of harassment was a succession of annoying little mistakes, she found a glaring error. Her hands trembled as she double checked to make sure she was in the right, but her voice was calm as she said, "You skipped page two."

Gloria, who had been typing rapidly to show the other girls she could not care less if Agatha examined her work, continued to the end of the line and pressed the carriage return before she looked up, "Did I?" she asked with a shade too much amazement.

Agatha was sure all the other girls were listening, so she drew herself up tall and said firmly, "You certainly did."

"My goodness!"

To show the other girls this was no laughing matter Agatha commanded, "You will begin with the skipped section and retype everything," but the strain pitched her voice too high.

"Everything?" Gloria's voice skillfully burlesqued the high tone.

"Everything," Agatha said with stiff dignity and turned away. She did not see the face Gloria pulled behind her back, but she felt the amusement it created. Her dignified stance was the perfect counterpoint to Gloria's act. Agatha was miserably aware that she was providing the girls with the day's comic relief, but she did not know how to help herself. It was not fair of them to laugh at her. They were young and had each other; she was old and alone. She looked around for a single understanding face, but all the girls were pretending to be hard at work with their eyes fixed on their copy.

Her phone was ringing. She was too tired to cope. She sat quietly gathering strength before she reached out her hand to still it. The final ring choked off in the middle as if her touch had killed it. She withdrew her hand in mixed relief and frustration. A moment later the ringing began again. Agatha carefully counted three rings before she lifted the receiver with, "Miss Parsons speaking."

No one was there.

"Hello?" she asked. Then louder, "Hello!"

No answer. To fight the panic rising in waves from the knot in her stomach she clicked the phone button rapidly. "Who was buzzing me?" she asked the switchboard operator.

"Nobody, Miss Parsons."

"But the phone was ringing," Agatha insisted.

"I didn't put anyone through to you."

"You must have."

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"There is no one there now."

"I am aware there is no one there now. I don't need you to tell me," Agatha snapped and hung up. That girl was getting insufferable. Since she had become Gloria's friend her manners and performance had gone steadily downhill.

Suddenly Agatha remembered a dream. She is here, at work, and everything is very normal except the room is big and bare and cold and echoing and all the desks are very far apart. Gloria is here and she is insolent, and Agatha takes a hatchet off her desk and hacks and hacks and hacks Gloria to pieces in a great outpouring of crimson rage and blood.

The dream rage was with her again. She shook with rage and fear. The phone on her desk shrilled. Her hand trembled too much to pick up the receiver. She sat still, willing it to stop. "Your phone is ringing," Gloria called over the din.

"I am not deaf."

"Of course you're not deaf," Gloria enunciated carefully. "I just thought you hadn't heard." She did not return to her typing, but sat watching Agatha with a thoughtful look on her face.

Agatha ignored Gloria. She ignored the telephone. She would not let them get to her. She would be all right. If only it were not so hot. The centrally controlled air-conditioning-heating system maintained a year-round draftless temperature of 73 degrees, but the air in the room was stifling. Agatha could hardly breathe. She rose abruptly and walked rapidly out of the room.

The Ladies' room was blessedly empty and Agatha headed directly for the sink. She turned on the "cold" faucet and held her wrists under the running water. She watched with interest the patterns the water made as it flowed across her flesh. Her blood flowed through a pattern of blue lines inside her wrists the way the water flowed on the outside. If the blood poured out of her veins into the water it would form an independent red river inside the river of clear water. Blood and water did not mix.

No, that was oil and water. She dipped up a cupped handful of cold water and splashed it on her face. She washed the perspiration off her face, dried her hands and face with a paper towel, wiped the splashes off the sink with the used towel, and looked into the mirror to check her appearance before returning to face the girls. A strange face stared at her from the mirror, a pale white face with the skin pulled taut over the death's-head bones. Faint with terror, she leaned over the sink.

When she looked up again her own reflection was looking back at her. She examined her reflection, familiarizing herself with herself. "I look tired," she told herself. "Perhaps I am anemic. I ought to go to the doctor for a check-up."

As she spoke Agatha fitted herself into her reflection. That was the way she looked. That tight mask was her. But when she shifted her eyes her reflection took on additional contours like a ghost-plagued television image. Behind her elderly face, merging with it and not quite overlapping, was a laughing unlined girl's face filled with hope and promise. It was the eager alive face of the girl who woke each morning to sunlight. The tender adjustments of memory had created a bright young wonder girl of the Agatha who had only been young. Sometimes that golden girl comes to Agatha in her dreams and tells her that a horrible mistake has been made, the dream and the reality have been switched. But now the nightmare is over, the dream girl assures her. When she wakes it will all be straightened out. She will be young and happy. Agatha dealt with the anguish of awakening on those mornings by forgetting that she had dreamed.

"I should have a blood test." She walked back to the office filled with a sense of purpose—not noticing the girls sliding quickly back into their seats—and went directly to the telephone. She would call her doctor and he would give her something and she would be young again. No, not young—what a foolish thought—she meant she would feel well again.

She held the receiver to her ear waiting for the dial tone and staring into space. Her eyes focused and she saw Gloria watching her. Her fingers spun the dial swiftly. You didn't catch me this time. There is nothing for you to see. No crack in my armor for you to crawl through. You maggot, you crawling maggot! I am calling my doctor. And I know the number too. I know all the numbers I call. That is efficiency for you. You don't know the meaning of efficiency. You don't know the meaning of efficiency or kindness or love or mercy.

Agatha's finger slipped and the dial spun uselessly. She stared at the telephone in horror, remembering. The memories of all the other times she had faced the telephone, trying desperately to get through and failing, flooded her mind. She tried to tell herself they were only dreams, but the awful sense of familiarity left her weak. But this was not a dream. This was real. This was her chance to make contact. This time it was more important than ever. Gloria was watching and waiting to pounce.

Her fingers would not work properly. Her fingers were stiff and swollen. She had difficulty fitting them into the holes in the dial. She managed three-five-one. Her fingers were wooden. Nine-six, only two more numbers. Two more. What were they? She could not remember. Her brain had hardened to petrified wood. It looked like a rounded stone that you pick up on the beach, pocked and scarred by the rolling waves. But she had to remember. She had to! Almost crying with relief she dialed zero, zero.

The busy signal buzzed steadily in her ear. She listened unbelievingly to its futile sound. She listened and listened and she began to believe. She replaced the receiver gently in its cradle, but the message still came through to her. No one was there for her. Everything was death and failure.

She was dying, but she had to go on. Someone had written the script and she had to act it out to the bitter end. They had forgotten to give her a copy of the script and she did not know what to do next. The telephone

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at her elbow rang stridently and she picked it up mechanically. "Hello," she said and waited for whatever was coming.

A click. The murmur of the dial tone. She hung up and waited again. She did not have long to wait. The phone rang again. She lifted the receiver again. Again no answer. She held the receiver longer this time. She was beginning to know what was expected of her. The giggles around her confirmed her feeling.

When the phone rang again she picked it up with authority. "Hello," she said, "Hello, hello!" She let panic touch her voice. She sat in the middle of the stage and the audience expected a good performance. Each time the phone rang she became more frantic, pleasing her audience more. She could hear them laughing as she performed her role properly. She exerted herself to please them. She threw herself into the role. Gradually the role claimed her and the audience receded into the distance. She could hardly hear them. She talked into the silent phone. The audience was almost quiet now. There was only the far-off sound of Gloria's mockery. Then the quiet dark enfolded her. □

ka AGODOA

AIR-INDIA

hurrying down fifth avenue i stopped
to see you poised there mid-air
blackorangewhite
with suspended snarl and bared claw
the sun reflecting the morning mist
weeping down the glass bars of your cage
an excitement comes over me and i dream
different shapes of dreams of setting you free
but always it is you and i
against the city
you and i
a silken creature and a wild woman
safe in the ugly streets where beasts
more wild pass us at every corner
we pad the stony jungle and i dream
the streets are green and the buildings
covered with tropical flowers i see
you leaping the fifth and sixth avenue
buses or crouching on a yellow taxi cab
sliding unseen in the purple night
your eyes glowing a terrible light
then for our rest we fall asleep in the cool
shade of my green drapes your massive head
pillowed on my lap my face buried in your fur
but the crowd reluctantly ebbs and flows
until at last i am bumped back into the stream
there was so much i wanted to say to you
how together i would not be lonely or afraid
and you would not be but the ruthless sun
catches the glass and it is unbearable to see
your lip that is hard and dry
and the dust on your golden eye

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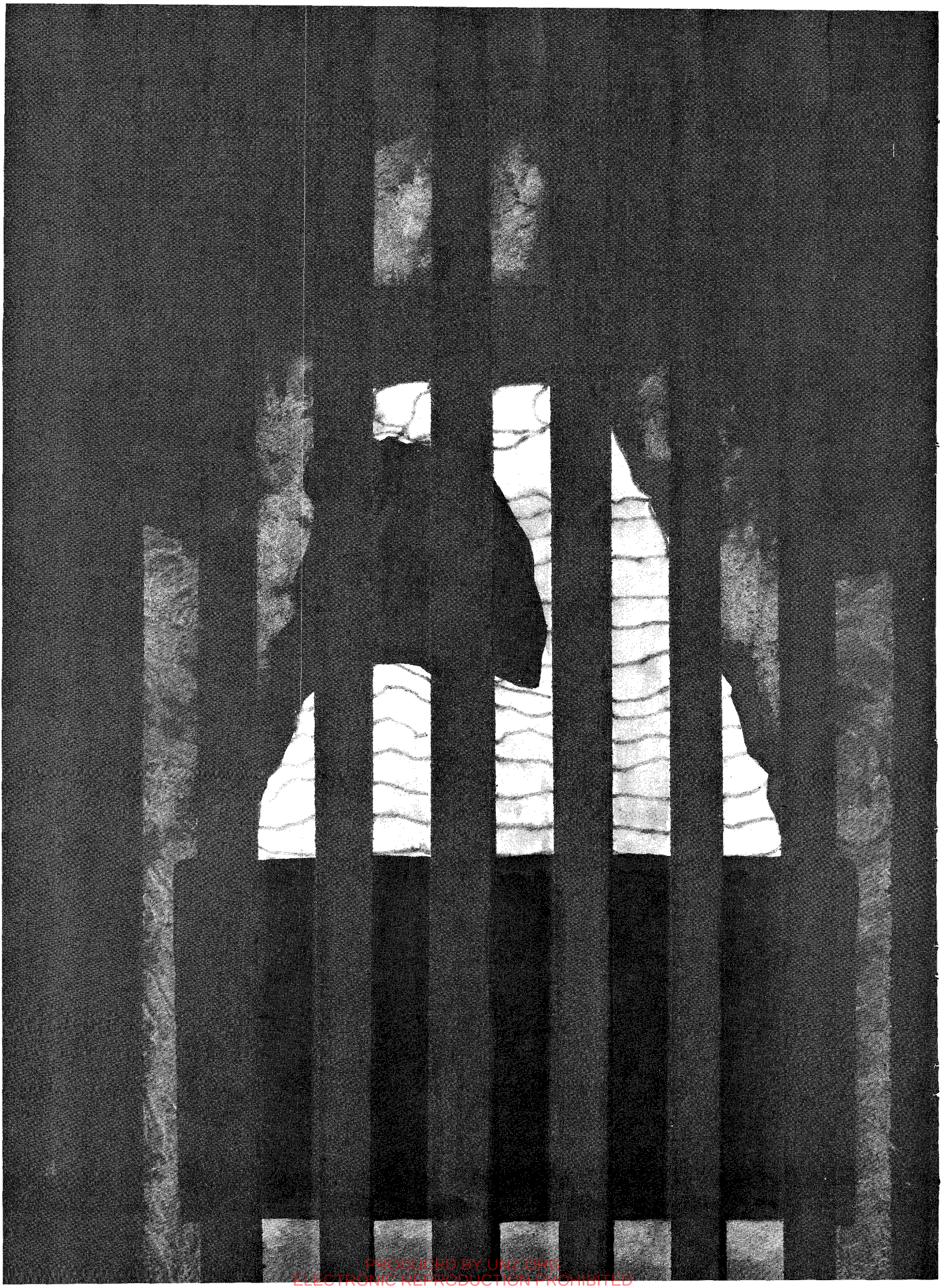

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DICK RACKSTRAW

LEARNING TO SPEAK

I

My God, each to himself thinks
rolling over in his mind his sleep
finished, changing of sheets at hand
in the ready canvas bag huge
as Sinai in the psychopathic ward.
A man or child weeps for the gospel
singers already on the TV.
It is 6 a.m. He was one of them.

The boy across from me
whose head is Homer's head
but hasn't his, or any, tongue
writes Homer's verses on his napkin.
We are shy together
and mad as squirrels in the
gentler air of late winter.

Back from breakfast, Karl pisses
in the water fountain. Nurse
shrieks like wife or doll
from her hole in the wall—
"Put that thing away."
She has no sense of fitness at all.

Else he lose his gift for making
green equations with his free
hand, our genius breathes
through his brown paper sack.
He is so quick
too much air will burn him up.
He is a fire hazard on our ward

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and we avoid him as he moves
from place to place, his greenboard
under his long arm. His face—

Ping-pong as my well placed ball
curves across the white
tipped horizon of the net
and spins away from the attendant.

In my mind it is a ship
entering a slate harbor
of repose, head ballooning
like a spinnaker,
this stick man doctor draws.
Our ballet dancer runs
and does a perfect mime
against the figure facing us.

That crazy mathematician feeds
the ballet dancer's horses
chalk, sugar sweet as horizon
to the architect who can't
look up. He counts for hours
on the sun porch piano
tuned by the luminous hand
of a priest in hell.

II

Noon schoolchildren drift
toward home like snow.
I imagine my son to be
that one on the trailing
edge, or that other
at the crest, the tall boy
dressed in purples and bright red.

Over the little footbridge we go
after naps to the pool.
I will play with the dancer.
She will let me, thinking
of horses. We are cold.

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On the arch of the game ward
the word "you." It is the secret
at charades everywhere, the word
we want to bring down
the arched emptiness
of large houses, the word tagging
our clothes, eyeglasses,
our shoes. We cannot move without it
moving with us like the moon.

Francie the crone
does an afternoon good
by a dance she makes up
serving tea as she would.
No one denies
her pleasantest care.
She's right where we are.

Altered by war, he refuses
the afternoon movie. Rocks
burn in his memory. Children
cut his pockets and throat.
He does not mind the door
he goes through like the tooth of the wheel
tearing speech from the war's mouth.

I've half a mind to leave
myself. There's dinner (you have no money)
and night, of course. Someone
will tell precisely
where you've gone down in the snow.
Before you know it, you're back.
Even so, I've had half a mind
to leave this place myself.

III

Evenings I want
a river-town, open
windows, a porch
my kids with me
all of us nimble as goats.
Only a visitor
hardly remembered

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comes to dwell on a former
faithless girl.

In this retreat a fit
man may take his ease
about the lawn. The river
boils at the dam.
A blackbird
rounds and drops
for grit. The free man
thinks about it.

Night. What can be said for it?
There *is* the pleasure of brightening
the ash trays, the bowls, the black
keys of the piano. There *are* boys,
brilliant in amytal, straightening
out. There *is* our crone,
daft to her gums, serving juice.
There is the ten o'clock news of home.

At bedtime in our common
clothes we are Dachau
showermates—tulips
limp in a hazing storm.
In this natural light the ass
of the fat one looks like the face
of a crazed moon.

The fan above my head
plays music as I need it
half past midnight. Its bearings
have gone bad. Old men
around me in sleep
blow like divers.
Our guards doze.
They dream
of flies between windows.
There is nothing to do
in this place after dark
but make up for the art
you have let go.

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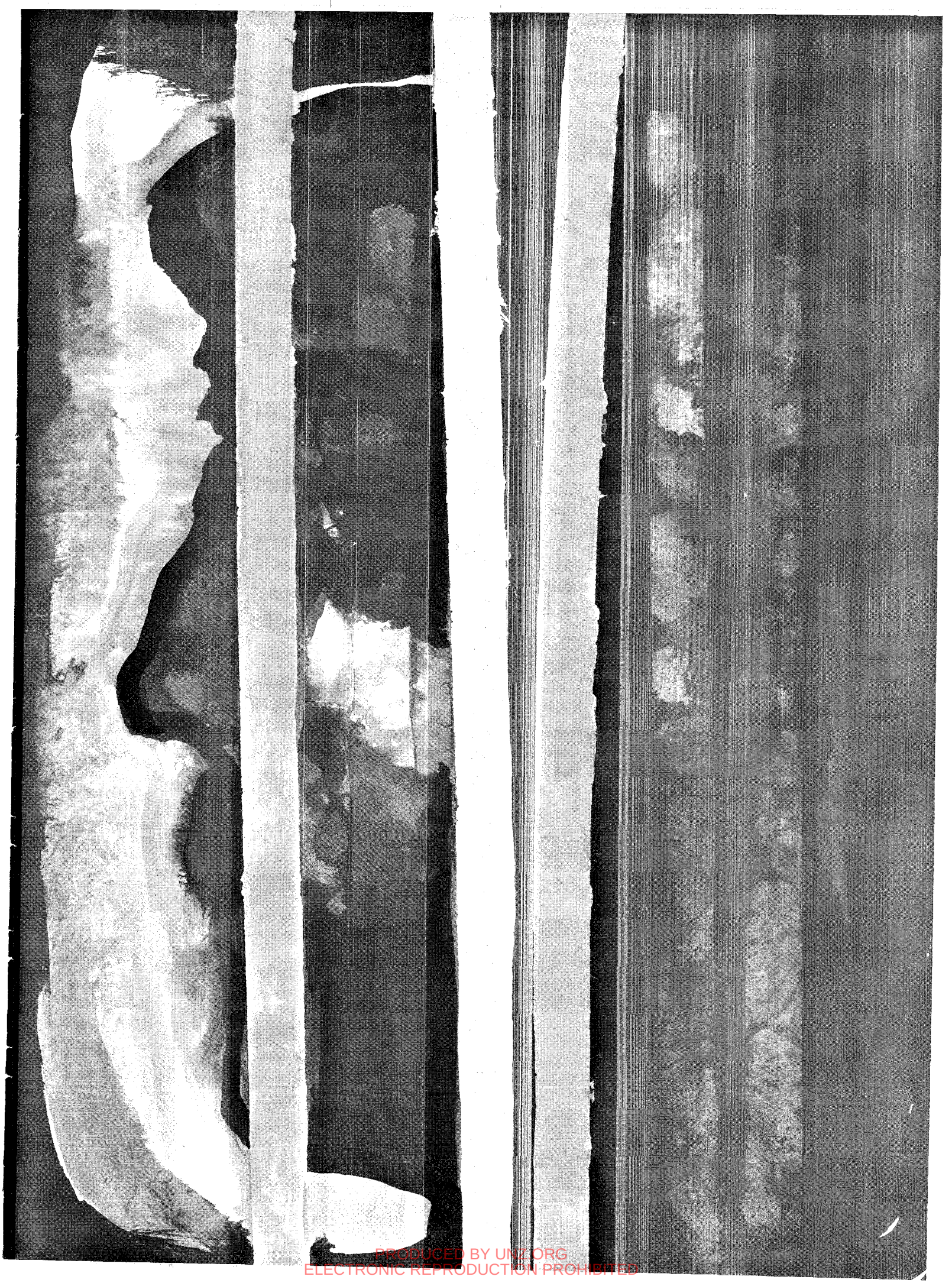

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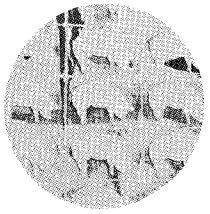

Gail Godwin / David Crownfield / John Lindberg / Richard Brook

The Personal Matter of Doris Lessing

Briefing for a Descent into Hell, by Doris Lessing. Knopf. $6.95.

Iowa City, April 1971. Sitting in this upstairs apartment (someone has just propped up the window with a book so we can feel the first warm night) I am listening to a group of young women talking about Doris Lessing. They have met to discuss *The Golden Notebook*, which some of them are still reading for the first time, unaware that the author wrote anything before or after. I invited myself to this meeting when I heard what the topic was going to be. For a long time I had wanted to write an essay about the fiction of Doris Lessing, a sort of testimonial to her usefulness, and I came here hoping these women would clarify and reinforce my own ideas. Now I am sitting politely, expectantly, trying not to feel disdainful or proprietary or jealous in that way you do when you have been a long-time fan of a person everyone else is suddenly discovering.

The leader of the discussion group, a red-haired girl in jeans who speaks consciously in the jargon of Women's Lib, asks us guys if we'd like to rap for a bit on Lessing's views on orgasm. She picks a passage on page 186 of her paperback edition and reads it aloud in a voice which is a perfect balance of irony and earnestness, because she has not decided what she thinks about all this:

> When Ella first made love with Paul, during the first few months, what set the seal on the fact she loved him, and made it possible for her to use the word, was that she immediately experienced orgasm. Vaginal orgasm that is. And she could not have experienced it if she had not loved him. It is the orgasm that is created by the man's need for a woman, and his confidence in that need.

While she is reading aloud, there is some confusion. The others shuffle through their different paperback editions (I count three of them) muttering that the passage is not on page 186 of *their* book, etc. During this search, someone comes up with what is felt to be a more relevant passage re orgasms. "The vaginal orgasm is emotion . . . a dissolving in a vague, dark generalized sensation like being swirled in a warm whirlpool," whereas "There are several different sorts of clitoral orgasms, and they are more powerful (that is a male word) than the vaginal orgasm," but "there is only one real female orgasm and that is when a man, from the whole of his need and desire takes a woman and wants all her response."

There are, the group decides, several points to be considered. First, is there such a thing as a vaginal orgasm, because if there isn't, then Ella/alias Anna (the novelist within the novel who writes about herself under the name Ella)/alias Doris Lessing is a victim of yet another male chauvinist myth. Secondly . . .

About this time my mind begins wandering in nostalgic patterns, I begin to browse again in Selfridge's back in London of '62, it was Friday noon, my lunch hour, and I was searching for a weekend book, as I did every Friday noon, which might this time turn out to be my salvation. Only this time, my hopes were to be satisfied . . .

When I refocus on this Iowa City room invaded by the soft spring of 1971, I realize I must have missed the intermittent points concerning orgasm because now the subject under consideration is menstruation. Again our leader reads aloud:

> Am I smelling? It is the only smell I know of that I dislike. I don't mind my own immediate lavatory smells; I like the smell of sex, of sweat, of skin, of hair. But the faintly dubious, essentially stale smell of menstrual blood, I hate.

How do we feel about this? Is Lessing's feeling that of a truly liberated woman? The group is divided. Several admit to feeling, well, at least *annoyed* about it. Others say why the hell care, if men don't like it they can jolly well . . . One adamant member reminds us of sister Germaine Greer's (*The Female Eunuch*, McGraw-Hill, 1971) edict that 'till you can eat it you only think you're liberated, baby, but another member of the group reminds us that of all the Women's Lib books Norman Mailer read for his infamous *Harper's* article the one he found least fault with was Germaine Greer's and that is the end of that menu for freedom.

Meanwhile I am moving again through the aisles of Selfridge's book department in the London of '62, trying to surprise my past self in the act of discovering Doris Lessing. I remember the stack of new yellow hardbacks with the bold black lettering, but what was it I read which made me say as I paid my thirty shillings, "So I'm not a freak after all"?

At the time I was a sad-eyed divorcee of 23, expatriating on a strange street in the middle of Mayfair which seemed to be deserted. I never once saw an inhabitant come out of a house. James Mason had the house next to mine but he was never in town. On weekends I holed up and read thick novels that told people how to live, and worried about growing old alone and not being able to write.

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On the Monday following the Friday on which I'd bought *The Golden Notebook*, I took it to my friend Dorothea at work and said, "Stop whatever you're reading. This will save your life."

"Oh good," said Dorothea, who was just then re-reading *Barchester Towers* because it made her forget the reality of her marriage.

"It's about a woman like us, only she's older, trying to evolve a life style that makes sense to her. It's got everything. Why you're unhappy with Griffith, why I'm worried about getting married again, why I can't write, why this job is wrong for us, everything."

"Great, can I borrow it?" said Dorothea. She was a Radcliffe graduate whose father had been so important she had her own bodyguard. But then he died and after graduation she visited London and married her cousin because, as she put it, "I was sure no one else would ask me and I was too chicken to go it alone." Now two years married, she was desperately unhappy. The husband, a grim Welshman who resembled Dracula, did things like waking her up in the middle of the night to make her put the cap back on the toothpaste tube. Her only creative outlets were playing the piano, which she did very well, painting the phone numbers of the butcher, the doctor, the dentist and the greengrocer on her kitchen wall in bright enamel paints, and inventing things. I often covered for her while she sneaked out to spend the afternoon down at the patent office. Dorothea and I had dull privileged jobs at the Embassy where we sat all day flashing insincere smiles and in the interim reading novels beneath our desks or indulging in a certain conversation which may soon become extinct if Women's Lib proves effective. I am speaking of the "how do I get him . . . what if I don't get anyone . . . time's running out . . . men, the bastards, the rules don't apply to them . . . how do I get rid of the one I've got in order to get a better one" conversation.

Somehow Dorothea never got around to reading *The Golden Notebook* in London, but years later I found her in the middle of a New York cocktail party when she was divorced and had her own company (inventions, of course) and gave not a damn for "getting" or "keeping" anyone or being "gotten" or "kept." By then I had managed to get married and divorced again and was hoping eventually to become a writer and a human being. "I finally read that Doris Lessing book," Dorothea told me, "And you know what? SHE'S ABSOLUTELY RIGHT." With mist in our eyes, we belatedly affirmed our hard-earned status as Free Women, as Anna and Molly had done years ago in *The Golden Notebook*.

But even while we were congratulating ourselves, old Doris was foraging miles ahead of us, having gone on to more challenging territory.

And that is why on this spring evening of 1971, I want to speak out and speed them up, this roomful of earnest young women. One of them is now proposing that Anna/Ella/Doris is a homosexist because of that last sentence in *The Golden Notebook* ("The two women kissed and separated") and I want to say something to get them off the subject of their plumbing, something like maybe "Being human, realizing creative potentialities, is more important than being a man or woman and that's where Lessing's at now." Or, "Read Rosemary Baines' letter to Professor Charles Watkins, pp. 173-205 in *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*. It will save your life."

But I don't say anything because I am wondering how much of Doris Lessing is, after all, a personal matter. You discover her at the point where her concerns match yours (for orgasms and female liberation, see *The Golden Notebook;* marriage and pregnancy, *A Proper Marriage;* minutes of a Communist meeting, *Ripple from the Storm;* ESP and Armageddon, *Four-Gated City;* how to get over a man, "How I Lost my Heart"; how to castrate one, "One off the Short List"; what to do about writer's block, crass commercial literary agents, dark doubts about the efficacy of fiction, *The Golden Notebook*. Or if you just love your cats and want to read about some more, try *Particularly Cats*.) You stop, or stumble along in the wake of her explorations which often read breathless as journalistic deadlines ("We gotta go with what we have"), taking what seems to help, discarding what doesn't, growing as you can in the footsteps of an older sister.

"You start growing on your own account when you've worked through what you're landed with. Until then, you're paying off debts," says Martha Hesse *née* Quest, now a middle-aged woman in *The Four-Gated City*.

Doris Tayler Lessing, age 52, alias Martha Hesse alias perhaps Anna Wulf and Anna's 'Ella' as well, has managed to work through what she's been landed with: South African racism, World War II, the lure and disappointment of Communism, being the daughter of middle-class parents, being (twice) a woman married to the wrong man, being the target of male chauvinism in the workaday world, being a first novelist who questions the point of writing a second, being a woman and mother without a man, and being a woman no longer young in a society which worships youth and beauty. And so, when Mrs. Lessing came to visit this country for the first time in May of 1969 (she was not allowed in earlier because of the ex-Communism) she could tell Jonah Raskin, the teacher at Stony Brook who interviewed her for *New American Review* #8:

> "Since writing *The Golden Notebook* I've become less personal. I've floated away from the personal. I've stopped saying, 'This is *mine*, this is *my* experience.' Ever since I started writing I've wondered why the artist himself has become a mirror of society. The first novelists didn't write about themselves, but now almost every novelist writes about himself. People are much more interested in the artist as a personality than in the works he creates. Now, when I start writing, the first thing I ask is, 'Who is thinking the same thought? Where are the other people who are like me?' I don't believe anymore that I have a thought. There is a thought around."

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And when she lectured in New York City and Women's Lib advocates appeared in droves, clutching their Bibles *The Golden Notebook*, they were disappointed to find, not another embattled ally, but a mild, grey-haired woman who looked like (and was, in fact) somebody's mother. She answered their provocations in a soft, rather reticent voice, saying that, what with the annihilation of mankind a very distinct possibility, perhaps their problem could wait til later.

Her *Four-Gated City* (1969), a large, sprawling, apocalyptic book that rounds out the five-volume *Bildungsroman* called *Children of Violence*, is written very much in the spirit of her American remarks. It is a book which concludes with all-but-total Annihilation (there are a few characters left to write letters back and forth after the Catastrophe) and it is also a book which explores the realm of consciousness beyond the personal. When people I know discuss this book, they usually say it is too long, shaped funny, clumsy, etc. but had things in it (once again) that pointed the way forward, that they couldn't remember having read anywhere else, that saved them.

If I were to speak out now, right now, to this group of women (someone is regaling the group at this moment with a screamingly funny anecdote of how her menses betrayed her in the middle of a bullfight she was attending in the company of all-male poets, including Robert Graves) I might suggest those eerily prescient passages in *Four-Gated City* where Martha finds she can "tune in" to a kind of universal "radio" and how, later in the book, after having been initiated into the real possibilities of telepathy and clairvoyance by the so-called "mad" Lynda Coldridge, Martha takes herself off to a rented room and has it out with her devils in order to break through inferior noises and get to the sounds that matter. I do, as a matter of fact, hear my voice interrupting a group bent on liberation with what sounds like some flatulent recipe for self-levitation, but my remarks are not well-received, make a small disconcerting ripple, after which I decide wisely to shut up and think my own thoughts about D.L.

When, after almost 25 years of novel-writing, you've worked through "all you were landed with," when you've taken the leap to 1997 which kills off your *Bildungsroman's* heroine and exterminates that sick world you've used almost exclusively as your subject matter, what do you write your next novel about?

CATEGORY:
INNER-SPACE FICTION
For there is never anywhere to go but in

is Doris Lessing's definition of her latest novel, *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* (Knopf, 1971). Charles Watkins, a 50-year-old professor, cracks up and is found wandering, amnesiac, near Waterloo Bridge. He is taken to the hospital where two disagreeing psychiatrists ply him with the drugs of their choice. Meanwhile Watkins has gotten well underway on his inner-space journey, an Odyssean flip-out during which he relives his life in terms of its myth, experiences the loss of ego, understands the oneness of things, and is just beginning to remember a "briefing session" which was supposed to prepare him for his hell on earth when electro-shock "restores" him to his prudential existence of Classics at Cambridge, his wife Felicity, and the evening lecture-circuit. The novel consists of the monologue of his hallucinatory journey broken up by memos between psychiatrists X and Y, dialogues between doctors and patient, letters to the hospital authorities from wife, former mistress, Cambridge colleague, wartime buddy, and a remarkable widow named Rosemary Baines, which help to establish professor Watkins' identity and reasons for being in the state he's in.

A smaller, tighter book than the former Lessing novels, *Briefing* tells us that beyond the cramped, crippled state we like to call "normality" exists a world of vision and eternal delight if we will but open our eyes and see the chink in the prison wall. Professor Watkins turns out to be unequal to the task, opting for the electro-shock himself, and returns to his former emotionally-thin mode of life. But it is Rosemary Baines who "points the way forward" in this book, who takes up where Martha Quest perishing on her contaminated island left off, or who is perhaps her reincarnation.

"We sometimes have to take the chance of embarrassing people," she writes to the doctor, explaining why she had sought friendship with Professor Watkins after hearing him give a lecture which inspired her, "By claiming more than they want to give—or can."

In her 32-page letter to Watkins, received shortly before his collapse, she does claim more than any "normal" "tactful" "prudential" friend or wife would dare, not to mention a perfect stranger. "By now," she writes, just getting warmed up in the letter, "You will see that it does not matter that you do not know me, because I am not important individually. Nor of course are you. I am writing because I have more time than my friends. I am retired. My children have grown up and I am a widow." She invites Watkins, who she feels may be one of them, to come and meet her and several other persons who have just recently discovered they share a larger, heightened sense of existence. He doesn't go until it's too late, for when he finally gets around to tracking down Rosemary and her friend Frederick in a pub, Charles Watkins is already embarked on his last visionary go-round which he can only accept in a form of madness. But at the end of the book, the reader does definitely receive the impression that here with Rosemary and her few kindred souls, save or lose a few Charles Watkinses, may be the nucleus of that "briefing session" which can set us right again.

* * *

Later in the evening now. Not quite so warm. The girl by the window removes the book which has been propping it up and there is a visible huddling together of the ranks.

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"NOT A BOOK FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY SETTLED CONSCIENCES"

WHAT BELONGS TO CAESAR?

By Donald D. Kaufman

Even before American soldiers were involved in fighting in the war in Vietnam, someone observed that the United States government was spending money "like a drunken sailor." The years since then have substantiated the truth of that observation. The exorbitant cost of war production and the fantastic waste involved in military spending has prompted more and more citizens to inquire as to just what war taxes are being spent on.

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"The point is," says the red-haired discussion leader, "I think we've got to decide where she stands. What are Lessing's views on Woman's Role? Is she liberated, do you think? Can she liberate us?"

I'm off again, clambering around up there in my own cobweb-fragile grid of personal salvation, which features, among other things, Doris Lessing at the Taft.

Her editor at Knopf tells the story of how, when Doris was coming to New York, he wanted her to feel comfortable, secure, appreciated. He tried to persuade her to stay with him and his wife in their mid-town brownhouse or at least let him put her up, with special instructions to the manager for her to be given her due, in an elegant, discreet hotel. "But no, not Doris. She takes herself off to the Taft, the Taft! so she can sit down in that drab lobby all by herself, looking like any respectable lady visitor, and watch the world go by."

When I get depressed (which is often not disconnected with thoughts of my Woman's Role) I think of Doris Lessing at the Taft. The image goes like this. I am walking through the lobby, or perhaps getting off an elevator, and I see first what "the world" sees: a rather unimposing little woman in her fifties, the sort who might write a book called *Particularly Cats* or compose 32-page letters to strangers because "I have more time than my friends." Wearing her greying hair parted in the middle and fastened in a slightly frazzled bun, she sits with her hands folded in her lap, in that making-oneself-small way solitary women sit when they no longer expect to be made a fuss over. And then, superimposed on this, I see what I see: a deceptively mild container of a volatile, voracious mental energy which has made and continues to make "embarrassing claims" on people and ideas and eras, often shaking them stubbornly, unaesthetically, 'til their teeth rattle in order to leave them a little more open, a little more loving, a little braver than she found them.

This double vision revives me.

I don't think I can speak for these others in the room, nor they for me. For myself I say this: That woman gives me the courage I need to grow old, speaking my own voracious and sometimes embarrassing claims as a woman, as an artist, as a human being. And speaking them a little louder than I would have if someone else hadn't gone first.

—Gail Godwin

Consciousness: True, False, and Possible

The Greening of America, by Charles A. Reich. Random House. $7.95.

Now that the cocktail party game of classifying our friends in Consciousness II or Consciousness III has faded, what remains of the book which provoked it? Beneath the slogans, is there a lasting analysis of our situation or only the leftovers from the party?

In spite of considerable flaws and weak spots, what remains, I think, is a good book. Most of its basic theses can be found elsewhere, notably in Herbert Marcuse and John Kenneth Galbraith, but Reich's discussion is far more readable than Marcuse's and is illustrated with American literary, cultural and political detail to a degree Marcuse does not begin to approach. And Reich's range is much broader than Galbraith's; his exploration of the personal and cultural implications of the corporate state and of the process of liberation from its tyranny have no counterpart in Galbraith.

I.

Reich's analysis of our condition hinges on this concept of the corporate state. It comprises, in addition to the official government, all those corporate institutions—business, labor, education, finance—which, taken together and interacting with one another, make those social decisions by which our lives are governed. These corporate agencies, while technically "private," exercise major governing powers. Their decisions affect economic conditions. They affect the environment. They affect our health and safety. To the extent that they decide what kinds of demand for goods they will respond to and what kinds of people they are willing to employ, they exercise significant control over our individual freedom of choice. The private institutions do this, on the whole, without constitutional restraint. They are, of course, legally restrained by the official government through requirements that their actions be subordinated to the public interest. But the government tends to interpret the public interest as meaning the interest of the established system of power relationships in the society rather than the general welfare of the ordinary citizen.

In a society which is politically democratic, at least in principle, what sustains the power of the corporate state to identify the public interest with its own power system rather than directly with the general welfare is a nearly-universal condition of false consciousness. Reich identifies two distinct forms of false consciousness. Consciousness I is the interpretation of our situation in terms of the realities and the values of the American individualist, who lives in a world open to his personal effort and achievement—a world in which, if he pursues his own welfare and everybody else tends to theirs, the cumulative result will be the general good. Consciousness I is individualistic, moralistic—even in the midst of urban society it maintains the myth of a fundamentally rural America. The values of Consciousness I are those most customarily evoked in our political rhetoric, persisting in seeing America as an open society with no population problems, with plenty of land, with social and economic opportunity and mobility essentially without limit, and consequently a society in which poverty, crime, and other social problems are understood

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simply as cases of individual moral failure.

The growth of corporate monopolies and other large aggregates of power in the latter half of the nineteenth century created the crisis of Consciousness I. Pressures for reform mounted as it became clear that pursuit of individual advantage was destroying the conditions of life for others. These pressures built up through the first third of the twentieth century, but did not come to real fruit until the New Deal period of Franklin Roosevelt. The New Deal reforming agencies, committed to limiting the pursuit of private advantage by institutionalizing the general welfare and the newly-concentrated corporate power (both governmental and industrial) generated by and after the Second World War, led to the emergence of Consciousness II, emphasizing public institutions, technological and bureaucratic strategies, centralization of power as the essence of realism in meeting human needs.

Consciousness II, Reich maintains, is, like Consciousness I, a false consciousness. It maintains as a matter of principle that the solution to any social problem is central, institutional, managerial. The managers should be given the power to solve the problem, through the creation or expansion of a governmental agency or of a centralized organization in the "private" sector. Social scientists, technological experts, and administrators whose expertise consists in facilitating the work of scientists and technologists, are better able to determine what is in the best interest of people in general than those people are themselves. Consciousness II experts can undertake solutions to the problem of poverty without asking the poor what problems need solution and what solutions are livable. They can even decide that fighting a war is in the interest of people who do not wish that war fought for them. Though Reich does not put it this way, Consciousness II involves the attitude, which goes back at least to Plato, that democracy is not really a sound method of government because the people do not know. In this Platonic view an intellectual elite ought to have the power to govern, because they will understand better what is really good for people than people do themselves.

II.

What happens when decisions affecting people's lives are made by experts, both in government and in the private component of the corporate state, is not simply or primarily that harmful or wrong decisions are made (though this does frequently happen). The principal difficulty is that, living in a world where we are constantly managed, administered, sold to, taken care of, we lose ourselves. One of the key parts of Reich's book is his chapter on the lost self. He points out how pressures to accept the wisdom of the planners, to desire what people want to sell us, to conform to standard (manageable) patterns of thinking and behaving, lead to the loss of personal feeling, individual judgment, imagination, and all those personal and individual dimensions of life which have little market value. For purposes of mass communication and mass production, we are constantly indoctrinated with stereotypes of the role of a good citizen, a good worker, a good husband, a good parent. We are taught the desires and values and pleasures of good, middle-American, straightforward, loyal citizens.

Reich's thesis is not that this process has destroyed our capacity to be ourselves, but rather that it has denied, suppressed, downgraded our selves to the point where we dare not trust them. We have not lost the capacity to feel; we are afraid to feel. We are afraid to say and do and wear and be what personally most appeals to us because this risks separating us from the security of the socially-defined stereotypes. But that baffled, suppressed, rejected sense of self is still there, somehow, and the possibility of its re-emergence makes hope possible in our situation.

Reich discusses the dynamics of the reawaking of self in terms of the paradox of the good worker and the good consumer, the contradiction between the myths and realities of our lives, and the rigidity of the corporate state. The good consumer wants everything, and he wants it now. He wants to do it and enjoy it. He wants to travel, to boat, to ski, to spend. The essence of marketing is to make him dissatisfied with what he has, to make him want more. At the same time, the worker needs to be willing to labor, to save, to sacrifice, to postpone his personal desires and become a willing part of a system which rewards those desires only at a distance. This spirit of sacrifice, however, is incompatible with the spirit of consumption. The consumer ideal of ease and gratification produces a worker who is dissatisfied, who does not find rewards in his work, who is daydreaming of being someplace else. This dissatisfaction is aggravated by the intrinsic emptiness of most of our work and the intrinsic worthlessness of many of our consumer goods.

The saturation of consciousness with television's myths of domestic life, of dramatic individual heroes, of a world whose problems are soluble in twenty-two minutes, intensifies the dilemma. The ordinary man's work lacks the drama of *Mission Impossible;* no amount of Right Guard or Hai-Karate gives him the promised sense of himself.

In *One-Dimensional Man,* Marcuse held that the corporate state is capable of infinite adaptation to solve such problems. We can be given more and more satisfaction, more and more status at work, to allay our discontents while leaving the power system unthreatened. Reich disagrees, and holds that the system is bound to a rigid and repressive posture. Where Marcuse expects the state to buy off discontent—for example, by legalizing and commercializing marijuana —Reich believes it incapable of making such adjustments in time.

The war in Southeast Asia is Reich's principal example. Marcuse's theory of flexibility should be reflected in termination of the war before serious damage is done to the credibility of the system. For Reich, the damage is already done. The contradiction between what we are doing and what we are saying, the contradiction between the values we are

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asked to profess and the values on which we act, and the personal crisis which the war places on the lives of all our young men, have already exposed the false consciousness on which the corporate state is founded.

The result of these forces, Reich maintains, is a revolution of consciousness. This revolution has begun. It is inevitable. It will prevail. It will be nonviolent. And it will show itself last of all in a change of political power. The new consciousness which Reich believes is created through the breakdown of the false consciousness of the corporate state is a consciousness of feeling, individuality, diversity, humanity, closeness to the earth. It values love in its human relationships, not simply in its ritual professions. It relies on people in their individual situations to know what is best for them. The new consciousness expresses individuality and feeling and freedom through clothes, music, personal styles of life. It is diverse in social, economic, sexual, aesthetic expressions. It approaches work in terms of intrinsic satisfaction in the doing or in terms of human service accomplished (or, at the very least, as a way of ripping off from the system the funds with which to be freed from it).

The new consciousness will prevail for two reasons. One is that the inner contradictions of the false consciousness of the corporate state lead to the breakdown of its illusions. The other is simply that the image of self offered by Consciousness III has an appeal, Reich believes, too warm to be resisted. He believes that people want to feel, that they want to be freer, more individual, more diversified in their discovery and expression of themselves than the stereotypes of the corporate state encourage. Confronted by the opportunity, contrasting the freedom they see in the liberated, freaky styles of the new consciousness with the consumer compulsion and meaningless work, the depersonalization and standardization which is their lot under the corporate state, they will be naturally drawn to the new and the revolution will have been accomplished.

III.

There are problems in all this. One of the problems is an excessive optimism which Reich expresses about Consciousness III. He takes the professions of its people about love and about non-violence and about sharing at their face value. He has nothing to say about the ephemeral character of community and mutuality among the cultural radicals. He speaks of marijuana as part of liberation, but he does not speak of the degenerating and destructive course through increasingly drastic drug experiences which is frequently found among those who, having opted for the new consciousness, can neither find in themselves the strength to sustain it nor find dependable community support from their friends. In short, Reich has not reckoned with the possibility of false consciousness among the revolutionaries—the extent to which the slogans of love and peace and humanization are self-deceptions, the extent to which talk about Now and dropping out and quest for communes and shifting from one group to another, one pattern to another, one drug to another, can be a history of self-deception, a way of living in the world through systematic illusions as extensive and as misleading as the illusions about scientific, technological, and bureaucratic expertise which sustained Consciousness II.

I believe there is positive force in Consciousness III but I do not believe that Reich has adequately sorted it out from the false consciousness I have just described. To do so would require a more careful analysis of the positive and negative experiences among the people of the new consciousness than anyone has yet carried out. It would also require a deeper examination of the fundamental motivations which form and change consciousness than Reich provides.

The inadequacy of Reich's analysis of motivation is nowhere clearer than in his account of why the ordinary, middle-class, middle American will turn to the new consciousness. Reich assumes that the contradictions in the ordinary American's experience will be clear enough to him, and the alternative appealing enough, so that the change will come about naturally. There is little reason, I believe, to think that this is so. The ordinary middle American has too much invested in trying to make a go of life within the terms set by the corporate state to admit a failure and to break out. The feelings evoked by the new consciousness but denied by the old are feelings that trouble him, that he does not wish to deal with, that he has been trying to forget. Consciousness III is a threat to the middle American because he finds his identity in what it denies. It is an inadequate and an impersonal identity, but he does not dare to give it up, so the threat cancels out the appeal of the revolution.

IV.

For a more adequate analysis of motivation than Reich provides, we can look again to Herbert Marcuse. In *Eros and Civilization*, he argues that Freud is correct in his view that civilization is founded on sexual repression and that its motive force is redirected sexual energy. Marcuse argues, however, that the extent of repression required to make a society viable is a cultural and historical variable: what is necessary to make any particular social system work is greater than what is required for mere human survival. Our civilization, Marcuse believes, is far more repressive of individual consciousness —sexual consciousness centrally, but personal and feeling consciousness generally—than is naturally required. The system of power relationships by which men dominate other men in our society demands repression of natural desire far beyond the practical requirements of our coexistence with one another.

If this analysis is correct, the motive force for the transformation of consciousness should be the discovery that we are denying in ourselves feelings, desires, dimensions of consciousness which there is no longer any need to deny. The contradictions in the corporate state to which Reich points would then expose

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a more fundamental contradiction: namely, that the corporate state demands of us that we sacrifice our selves, but it provides a reward wholly inadequate to the magnitude of the sacrifice.

This demand is nowhere clearer than in the structure of the family. Present economic structures do not require the continuation of the nuclear family. Modern population problems make obsolete, if not dangerous, the ideal of the fertile mother and the large family (and the corresponding taboo against sexual behavior which is not, at least potentially, reproductive). Modern medicine makes the risk of either unwanted conception or disease in diversified sexual behavior much less serious. Under these circumstances the social usefulness of our narrow set of stereotypes of acceptable sexual behavior, and of the corresponding taboos, disappears. The value of the nuclear family as a source of people's identity, meaning, and place in the world has been thoroughly eroded. The remaining social functions of the nuclear family appear to be as a consumer unit and as a transmitting agency for teaching the next generation the values of the corporate state and the masculine role of competitive achiever and feminine role of dependent consumer. In other words, the value is largely to the system by which our life together is organized, at the expense of life itself.

That Reich misses the centrality of sexuality and family for the dynamics of revolution is nowhere clearer than in his almost complete neglect of women's liberation. For the loss of the human value of our social ordering of sexuality is most acutely evident in the situation of the middle-American wife. Consciousness I defines her as mother, homemaker, passive support of her husband. Consciousness II identifies her as pure consumer of cosmetics, appliances, and detergents. Both these roles are vacuous. She is confined to doing nothing even though she may do it busily and with others. She is being used by the members of her family, by her husband's employer, by all the people who want to sell things, and she is offered remarkably little personal life, identity, and feeling in return.

The appeal of liberation to the middle American wife must be, in the long run, very strong precisely because of the emptiness of the roles in which she is seeking to live. But if she changes, if she becomes freer, more herself, less dependent on the structure and on the role assigned to her and so comfortably exploited by her husband, this is going to require a political revolution in the organization of the family, and a crisis of consciousness for its other members. In short, the women's liberation movement is precisely where the revolution of consciousness has its most fundamental cutting edge. When the war is over, when the major corporations have adopted a more cosmetic approach to the environment, the emptiness of the role of women in the corporate state will remain. The whole unsatisfied feeling-world of people trying to live in this impoverished role will provide a tremendous force for change.

V.

The greening of America will come about as more and more of us discover ourselves, our feelings, our freedom from the role-stereotypes in which we have been locked, and when the corresponding diversity of our relations to ourselves, each other, and our world enriches and transforms the society. The war, the black revolution, the crisis of the environment, the crisis in the role of woman in our society are all occasions for motivating change (of which the last, because it touches most deeply the sources of all human identity and feeling, is likely to be most fundamental). When we are liberated from stereotypes, from the necessity to find our identity in competition and domination on the one hand and fertility and submission on the other, that will be a true revolution of consciousness in middle America.

Reich is right in his basic analysis of our condition, of our two coexisting states of false consciousness, of the need and possibility of revolution, of the form of revolution as beginning in consciousness and expressing itself subsequently in politics. He is right in seeing as the fundamental issue the loss and recovery of self. His account of motivation does not reach deep enough; his account of the liberating movement does not reach wide enough; his analysis of the present state of Consciousness III is far too optimistic. But despite these defects, behind the cocktail party game of classifying our friends lies a substantive analysis of where we are, and of why, nevertheless, there is still hope. —*David Crownfield*

The American Way of Prejudice

Perhaps now we can explain why America has distinguished itself among the nations for its extremes of prejudice, which the books under review document undeniably. America has the shortest and most broken historical tradition among the nations. Even the mushroom Third World republics have a richer indigenous folk life.

America is a creature of negatives. We were settled by the dispossessed, people who practiced the most extreme forms of Protestantism, Capitalism, and Individualism as an expression of their exacerbated alienation from the Old World society that had cast them out. We disguised our Revolution with grandiose phrases that did not express the new nation's desire to shake off its historical origins and preserve its economic potential for itself—phrases that were the fashionable intellectual justification of a newly privileged class. We built our prosperity on extermination of the resident population, exploitation of the most easily realized and difficultly replaced resources, and inflation of credit.

In the absence of any positive values, we converted these negatives into the fake mandala of Manifest

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Destiny and ostracized anyone who found our values deficient. Even the most amiable critics who observed our new experiment in democracy as the historic defiance of feudal oppression could not escape the impression of our triumphant vulgarity. Property now supersedes persons, identity resides in possessions, and we have gone on to the greatest extreme of strewing our ordure from the Arctic Circle to the Moon.

American prejudice has historically been mainly two-fold, racial and political, but both have an economic base, because politics was used to oppress ethnic groups that threatened property and income distribution. Today poverty supersedes minority as the object of prejudice (the poor reviled as a drain on the state); and any deviation from the prevailing economics of profit (the weak forced out by conglomerates and price-fixing) balloons into the national bugaboo of criminal and seditious communism—the more so as war, defense, and space play the largest role in the economy. Prejudice is now the national destiny, as proven by the books under review.

* * *

These books illustrate the reversal of mandala from benign to hostile force in the American closed society. The books on black experience show how our greatest act of discrimination encourages violent reaction to outside criticism, like our perennial Red Scare, reviewed in the books on Joe Hill and on the Presidio demonstration. *The Great Betrayal* gives a copiously documented case history of prejudice, with Americans practicing on their own nationals the prejudice that the war was supposed to eradicate from the world.

Great Slave Narratives begins with a scholarly introduction by the black editor Arna Bontemps, making the point that the slave narrative, written from Colonial to Reconstruction times, developed generic traits entitling it to recognition in the American literary tradition. Of course that recognition never came, despite the influence of the genre on the work of Herman Melville and Mark Twain. Bontemps speculates on the reason for the contemporary popularity of the slave narrative as an especially dramatic parable of the human condition mingled with the exotic horror of slave life in the Old South. The genre had propaganda value among abolitionists in England and America, who helped the escaped slaves and published their stories. When abolition and black rights were no longer political issues, the slave narrative dropped from vogue to be replaced by the Western. Booker T. Washington published *The Story of My Life and Work* (revised as *Up From Slavery*), the last example of the genre, in 1900, when Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Owen Wister were just gaining popularity.

Great Slave Narratives, edited by Arna Bontemps. Beacon. $2.95 (paper).
Ely/Too Black, Too White, by Ely Green, edited by Arthur Ben Chitty. University of Massachusetts. $10.00.
Watts: The Aftermath/By the People of Watts, edited by Paul Bullock. Grove. $6.95.
The Revolt of the Black Athletes, by Harry Edwards. Free Press, Collier-Macmillan. $5.95.
Joe Hill, by Gibbs M. Smith. University of Utah. $7.00.
The Unlawful Concert/An Account of the Presidio Mutiny Case, by Fred Gardner. Viking. $1.25 (paper).
The Great Betrayal/The Evacuation of the Japanese-Americans During World War II, by Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis. Macmillan. $12.50.

What are the generic traits of the slave narratives? The typical slave narrative was written by an artisan slave from a border state. Few others had the chance. The story opens with a description of the childhood squalor of the Quarters, usually with an emphatic comment that even gentle masters forced their slaves into a bestial existence (details of diet, clothes, huts, broken families, overwork, the lash, white sexual abuses). This description moves into the narrator's account of his dawning awareness of himself as an individual, usually coincident with the description of some peculiarly horrible act of white oppression, so that the black personality comes into existence with a rebel will.

The next episode centers on the struggle to learn to read and write as the only means to break away from slave mentality and as a powerful aid to escape. The learning usually takes place in a bush church Sunday school, which the master discovers and prohibits. The bush church was the black cultural and revolutionary center and its religion permeates the slave narrative as inspiration to escape and to dedicate one's life to the welfare of slaves (usually members of the narrator's family) and later freedmen.

Next comes the actual escape, which usually deals as much with the escapee's reception in the North as with his fears and adventures in the South. Once escaped, he must find his own work and accept a discriminatory wage, for Northern whites resent black labor, and the prosperous are anxious to observe the Fugitive Slave Law to protect their Southern trade. Only a white minority, principally Quakers and religious independents, ever helps him.

Bontemps chooses three narratives as exemplary of the dozens that were written: the autobiographies of Olaudah Equiano (white name Gustavus Vassa) and of W. C. Pennington, and the escape story of William and Ellen Craft. He does not print Frederick Douglass, whose narrative is already well known. Olaudah was captured in his later childhood, so he can remember his African language and customs, and they are the pastoral goal of his strivings to be free. He accepts Christianity as the one element missing in an otherwise perfect African culture. He never wishes to join white society. A shrewd agent for his West Indies master, he trades for himself until he can buy his freedom, though he is so useful to his master that his price is high. His later adventures read remarkably like those of Robinson Crusoe and Lemuel Gulliver, especially in his religious compunctions, his accounts of dangers under-

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gone, and his pious gratitude for business success. We leave him as a respectable London merchant wishful to become a missionary to Africa, alone in a world he has learned to turn to his own uses.

Pennington was among those refugees fortunate enough to find sanctuary with Quakers upon his escape from Maryland into Chester County, Pennsylvania. They taught him to read and write, and encouraged him to study. Like Malcolm X, he writes: "My mind was constantly struggling for thoughts, and I was still more grieved and alarmed at its barrenness; I found it gradually freed from the darkness entailed by slavery, but I was deeply and anxiously concerned how I should fill it with useful knowledge." His increasing knowledge made him more and more deeply concerned with the contrasting state of his enslaved brothers. He saw the root of their condition as clearly as do Stampp and Elkin today, as he writes: "The mildest form of slavery, if there be such a form, looking at the chattel principle as the definition of slavery, is comparatively the worst form," because it permits glimmerings of dignity only to darken them with sale into the deep South and with enforced prostitution. This realization convulsed Pennington into a religious conversion so profound that it compelled him to become the first black man to receive a doctorate in theology, from Heidelberg; Yale allowed him to listen from the door of the lecture room. He spent his life in the black ministry in New York City, walking to his parishioners because blacks were excluded from the horsecars.

The escape of William and Ellen Craft has all of the ingredients for a movie or a TV serial of passionate love that risks fatally dangerous adventures in order to be free. But of course no such film has been made, perhaps because the protagonists were black, and to make their danger credible, whites would have to be shown as they were, monsters of gullible bigotry and conceit. The lovers escaped by imposing on their masters' contemptuous confidence that escape was out of the question. They had to escape to save their future children from being sold away. Ellen was light enough to pass as white, so she disguised herself as a young man, because white women did not travel without family protection. William was darker, and disguised himself as Ellen's body servant. Then they simply took the steamboat and the railroad North. They eventually made their way to England where they were protected by the Anti-Slavery Society and educated in a school run by Lady Byron.

The life of Ely Green is a parable of black America from Reconstruction to the Fair Labor Practices Act. He tells his own story in a journal discovered and edited by the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee, where Ely was born in 1893. The meticulously neat, closely written, half literate script fills hundreds of pages written as an attempt at self-education. The story is incredible only because it tells of an area of experience that has found its solitary voice here, the experience of the mute underworld of a class who lives to serve and so must serve to live:

> *The aristocrat, protesting he had only love in his heart for the Negro, imposed segregation "for his own good." The poor white became "the law" and in his capacity as policeman, deputy, constable, prison guard, bus driver, railroad conductor, or store clerk enforced the segregation decreed by the white Brahmin. At the point where segregation actually was implemented, the black suffered in proportion to the degree of sadism, malice, hatred, or economic fear which afflicted the red-neck. The tightly insulated aristocrat rarely persecuted the Negro, but the cop who needed somebody to beat could always go into Black Bottom and "whup me a nigger" to gratify his lust. He need fear no reprisal.* [*From Arthur Ben Chitty's foreword.*]

That quotation is an accurate summary of the book. Rather than go North, many blacks moved West in search of a freer life, the cultural strain that has given us Arna Bontemps and Ralph Ellison, and Ely. His grandfather was a freedman, his mother a housemaid seduced by a scion of the best old Southern white stock. Cherished through childhood in the curious enclave of old Sewanee, where whites lived in a bucolic academic idyll and kept their blacks like pets, Ely had to leave when as a young man his hunting prowess insulted the pride of white mountaineers and he barely escaped into the lowlands with his life.

This is the pattern of the autobiography. Time and again, Ely exceeded the bounds laid down for him by white leaders, who then could not protect his life from the wrath of the red-necks at a nigger who would not keep his place. Yet all Ely did each time was try to serve his white protector perfectly. The happiest years of his life were spent as the quasi-adopted son of a powerful Texas banker, Judge Oscar E. Dunlap, of Waxahachie. Ely was chauffeur, valet, confidential secretary, hunting and drinking companion, but none of these roles could save him from the violence of the town racists.

After serving in the segregated stevedore corps in France during World War I, he returned, not to Judge Dunlap, but to the oilfields, and gradually worked his way to California, heartbroken at leaving his beloved patron, but determined to find a role where he could fulfill himself. This role finally came when he was hired as a trouble-shooter in the aircraft plants to ease racial tensions when the labor force on federal contracts was integrated under the Fair Labor Practices Act. Here he felt that he had achieved his lifelong ambition of gaining recognition from the government as a person and not as part of "the Negro problem."

Watts is full of people like Ely. Paul Bullock lived among them long enough to collect the tapes he transcribed for the body of *Watts: The Aftermath.* Concerned readers will find no new ideas here, but they will find the sort of direct expression available to white audiences nowhere else but in Roger D. Abrahams' *Deep Down in the Jungle* (Hatboro, Pa.:

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Folklore Associates, 1964) and Elliot Liebow's *Tally's Corner* (Little, Brown, 1967). In these books, blacks in Philadelphia, Washington, and Los Angeles speak for themselves with a sympathetic sociologist to interpret them to the white world.

"Every problem has been solved," Bullock writes, "except the really important and difficult ones." No matter how many federal programs funnel funds into Watts, Watts will still be there, an object for the *noblesse oblige* of whites who see blacks "as a problem that must be overcome, rather than as a valuable resource that has remained chained." The first step, he thinks, is a reformed personnel on the teaching and police staff, to make a change in human material rather than to rely on funds and programs.

Because Watts remains basically the same as it was before the riot, the book shows the same divisions as the Kerner report does. The transcribed monologues give blacks' words on employment, police, schools, and welfare programs, with a section on drugs like the analysis in Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land*. The unique note in these familiar ideas is the voice of the black personality: "it seemed like the world was just out of hand. . . . You should be doing something about the black people who've been psychologically defeated. And once they come to the reality that *you* are the problem, like I have learned that white people are the problem, they are going to destroy you."

The Revolt of the Black Athlete selects one group from the declassed world of Watts and Ely Green and shows how prejudice both channels blacks into culturally defused areas of achievement and returns them to the human dumping ground when they can no longer perform. The main topic of the book is the organization of the Olympic Committee for Human Rights aimed at a black boycott of the 1968 Olympic Games. White attacks on the boycott are printed and disproved. Factual evidence of discrimination abounds in the book: evidence of separate treatment for blacks in contracts, in reserve clauses, in opportunities for publicity and advertising endorsements. Yet in a campaign year both parties request a roster of support from famed black athletes. Again, the main idea in this book is familiar, but the facts are fresh and incontrovertible. Prejudice is part of American destiny.

The Red Scare books under review discuss two legal processes, the murder trial of Joe Hill in Salt Lake City in 1915 and the 1969 court martial of several soldiers held in the Presidio penal barracks in San Francisco. Both trials exemplify the way that prejudice tries to pass as a normal attitude under the disguise of a respectable court judgment. In this way prejudice perverts the institutions needed for healthy social growth.

Joe Hill is a work of scholarly bibliography as well as a record of persecution. All known examples of Hill's lyrics are printed, together with photostatic reproductions of the title pages of important editions of the Wobbly song book. The author also reprints many documents and newspaper accounts in an attempt to reconstruct the case and decide Hill's innocence or guilt. This is impossible to do conclusively, because the trial was obviously biased, because Hill tried unsuccessfully to act as his own attorney, and because Salt Lake City at that time was a town where improbable violence was commonplace.

On Saturday night, 10 January 1914, several shootings occurred in Salt Lake City. Among them, J. G. Morrison and a son were murdered, and Joe Hill was badly wounded in the chest. This coincidence was enough to lead Hill before the firing squad in the Utah penitentiary on 19 November 1915. Morrison had been a policeman for five years before he started the grocery store where he was murdered; he had been shot at twice before, for robbery, or revenge by a man he had arrested. Hill claimed he was wounded in a fight over a woman, whose name he never revealed. His arrest and conviction were based on circumstantial evidence.

When the International Workers of the World discovered that their beloved songwriter and organizer was on trial for his life, the case ballooned into a *cause célèbre*, the largest thing of its kind before Sacco and Vanzetti. The Swedish minister to the United States, W. A. F. Ekengren, was induced to request President Wilson to intervene. (Hill was a Swedish citizen.) But nothing could bring the authorities to interfere with the regular administration of justice. So Hill went to his death as a martyr to popular hysteria. His membership in the One Big Union made the papers judge him during the trial as part of an international anarchist conspiracy. "Don't waste time mourning—organize!" he wrote from prison. These words inspired several obscure sentimental literary exploitations of Hill as a Western badman hero, but to millions he is first known in the song that enshrines his fame for what he was, a dedicated proletarian radical: " 'Where workers strike and organize,'/Says he, 'You'll find Joe Hill.' " (Alfred Hayes' song, 1925)

The Presidio in San Francisco is the headquarters of the Sixth Army and the locale of the Special Processing Detachment and the stockade for military prisoners. The SPD is "special" because Haight-Ashbury, the haven of military refugees, is only a few blocks from the prison, which holds many men caught in the Haight and taken to SPD for return to their units. The stockade is for serious offenders, and until the so-called mutiny, the stockade was used as a threat for SPD prisoners who persisted in anti-war sentiment.

Because of this ever-present threat of having one's AWOL status changed to desertion, inmates came to call the Presidio "the trapdoor to Leavenworth." General Stanley R. Larsen, commanding the Sixth Army in 1968, favored expansion of the war into Cambodia when he served under Westmoreland in Viet Nam, and was brought home for agitating too publicly in support of his views. Installed in the Presidio, he began to treat war protesters in uniform as deserters. Just as the police in the ghetto can create a criminal record

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by forcing their victim to a preliminary hearing, so the Army can create a deserter by the act of military arrest, with the added force of preventive detention without *habeas corpus.*

The last chapter in *The Unlawful Concert* gives a fair explanation of the workings of military justice, which meets the prisoner's needs. But nothing can control the behavior of officers when they make an arrest, bring a charge, and hold a prisoner in custody. If an officers thinks a prisoner holds unAmerican views, he cannot charge him for doing that, but he can bring a charge that is within the military code but is more serious than the prisoner's behavior warrants. And he can harass and threaten the prisoner. This is what happened at the Presidio.

The detention barracks was badly overcrowded, the guards were brutal, and the prisoners were getting more and more desperate. Most of them used whatever drugs could be smuggled in, and many of them attempted suicide repeatedly. Escapes from the lightly guarded SPD had become so common that the commander threatened the MP's with reprisals. In these circumstances an especially disturbed prisoner on a work crew asked a guard to shoot when he ran, began to jog away, and was killed. Three days later 27 prisoners sat down in a circle in the yard, read a protest and a request for reforms, ignored orders to move, and were charged with mutiny. The disproportion between the prisoners' action and the commander's charge led to a long court martial which ended with what had become the usual compromise between the military lawyers and General Larsen's officers: guilty verdicts but light sentences. The sentences ranged from 3 to 15 months. The fact that the sentences were so light and so varied reflects the absurdity of the original charge, which was clearly a prejudiced exaggeration.

> *There were 53,357 desertion cases in the Armed Services in fiscal 1968, and 155,536 AWOLs—the equivalent of fifteen combat divisions and more than five times the number of men volunteering for Vietnam duty. In the Army alone, someone was leaving every three minutes!*

And the figures increased for 1969. Fred Gardner, the author, quotes testimony about the deliberate brutalizing of basic training intended to reduce a recruit's personal identity and make him unquestioningly obedient. The men are proletarian types, poorly educated, often with severe neuroses from broken homes and a life of marginal security. Unpolitical when they enter the Army, they soon take to drugs to relieve suicidal depression, and identify the drug culture with personal freedom. Often this identity leads to a radical commitment as they respond to the unrelieved weight of military authority, rigidity, conformity, and hostility:

> *"When we sat down . . . it was really a beautiful instant . . . Now we weren't just going along with everything, we were* resisting. *It was a wonderful feeling, singing. [Sergeant] Woodring was shouting, 'Get back in line, it's mutiny, you'll get life!' But we were louder."*

Many of the AWOLs and deserters are poor material for soldiers, joining to escape the police, or misled by recruiters who promise a skilled trade. Like the athletic establishment in its treatment of blacks, the military engulfs and then spews out human material with no attempt to bring about a change through education, job security, and personal dignity.

The Great Betrayal is a case study in prejudice drawn from recent history. It shows every phase in the perversion of the corporate mandala. We all feel the temptation of an object for our hatred and contempt to make us feel superior with no effort beyond affirming our group values. The presence of a victim invites further cruelty. The Nisei relocation camps did not deal in genocide like the Nazi concentration camps, but there were ominous signs. First came the hurried laws abrogating the Fourth Amendment to make relocation respectable: bigotry operating in legal disguise again, like Hitler's early proscription of political opponents. When the Nisei submitted meekly to relocation, then they were invited to affirm loyalty and enlist in the Armed Services under threat of conscription. Some refused to submit to this ironic opportunity to prove a loyalty they had never betrayed. These were put in one camp under military guard. The Americans living near the camp were so open in their hatred, and the guards so repressive in their fear, that the camp was constantly on the verge of riot. Only last-minute compromise averted bloodshed.

But more serious than the physical oppression was the psychological effect of life in a prison environment. The detainees were shifted abruptly from their homes on the pleasant California littoral to tarpaper barracks surrounded by wire, guarded by armed men, located in areas chosen for their desert hostility where no other Americans wanted to live: Mississippi swamps, Arizona and Utah deserts, Idaho glacial barren. This sensory boredom was abetted by the mind-killing routine of camp life, with one family to a 20-feet-square room, communal latrines, mass dining, no books, movies, music, schools, or churches. This rigor gradually moderated, but not before the inmates had fallen into a dreamy dependence on camp routine with little ability or desire to fend for themselves. From this state of semi-aware brutalization, the next logical step is the one taken by the Nazis, to treat the inmates as cattle to be harvested for their possessions, their hides, their fat and their bones. This did not happen in America. But the potential was there. The process had begun . . . .

And can begin again. The camps were not dismantled until 1968. And the segregating impulse is strong in our national life. During the Detroit race riots in 1968 the police moved the detention camp to the inmates by putting a fence around the black ghetto and controlling the gates. No one seems to have noticed the resemblance to the Nazi fence around the Warsaw Jews. Secretary MacNamara elevated segregation to the level of

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foreign policy with his proposal to put an electric fence across Viet Nam.

When the Japanese began to lose the war in the Pacific, the Nisei were allowed more freedom, to undertake war projects like parachute folding, to apply their talents in agriculture and reclaim the desert (though farmers near the camps refused to allow Nisei produce on the market), and to serve in the Army. If the war had taken another course, speculation cowers at the probable Nisei fate. As it was, former detainees parachuted into Japanese concentration camps to liberate Americans. That the Nisei were able to return to life from their early prison despair is a credit not to the humanity of their captors but to the resilience of their own spirit. They were the better Americans.

—John Lindberg

Academic Gamesmanship: How to Make a Ph.D. Pay, by Pierre Van den Berghe. Abelard/Schuman. $4.95.

Van den Berghe sounds like a cross between Mort Sahl and the Delphic oracle—his social analysis is bitterly funny and inscrutable. A third-generation academic and practicing sociologist, he sketches what lies ahead for the man with the doctorate and addresses himself to three audiences: the undergraduate who is thinking about joining the club, the graduate student who wonders whether he should go on, and the fresh Ph.D. who wants to know what to do next.

At the outset Van den Berghe attempts to destroy three myths. (Everything comes in threes.) Academics, he asserts, are not all that superior intellectually. Second, they start out making something close to the national average salary and are likely to do two or three times better in mid-career. In the third place, he says, academics are not dull. This is a belief held by the layman; but Van den Berghe never does say just how the layman is mistaken. Instead, he shows himself as one witty academic who could bring a comic logic to the faculty coffee room.

Van den Berghe's treatment of the academic pecking order raises a few welts, but the description can be read according to Machiavelli as a formula for ascent as well as a criticism of our academic aristocracy. His thirteen measures of movement up the order read like the marks on a scholar's dipstick.

An account of graduate apprenticeship bears the title of "The Lean Years." A recipe for successful sycophancy includes advice to keep talking at cocktail parties, to avoid criticizing classmates, to select a major advisor on the basis of his ability to be friendly but strong, to avoid isolates as well as the most successful teachers in the professoriate, to cultivate department secretaries, and finally always to accept an assistantship because that is the way to get a recommendation.

Research positions should be refused once you have the diploma. No one knows later on what kind of job you had with that ill-fated foundation, so the mainstream of classroom teaching and research is the safest and most lucrative role for ninety percent of the professoriate. If you can stand it, administration is one way to make a little more money. But avoid department headships. Chairmen merely sign a lot of letters. If you want to enjoy creative administration, be a dean.

"The cardinal principle of career advancement is: When in doubt, move." The intricacies of bargaining by threatening to move get careful treatment from a man who sounds throughout as if he has done what he describes and has done it with success. His analysis runs like this: moving horizontally (bad by itself) or geographically (okay if you insist) is evaluated in terms of moves made vertically (the best test), either up in rank and salary (good good), or up (good) and down (almost always bad) in institutional status. The several combinations of the preceding are diligently scrutinized in a chapter called "The Fat Years."

Another chapter, "Teaching: What to do about It," discusses the classroom as pitfall. Since research and its only justification, publishing, are prevented by involvement with students, the answer lies in finding ways to get out of the classroom as often as possible. What sounds like cynical speculation is merely a log of what most academics recognize as the truth. Very few academics get paid for being good teachers, and committee assignments chew up time needed to get ahead in the only arena that really matters, within the national coterie of fellow specialists.

Publishing brings both money and prestige, but one can publish *and* perish. Therefore, assiduously follow these rules: An assistant professor should publish in the most respected journals, for he is unlikely to be refused there anyway. An associate professor publishes in obscure journals for the snob appeal and in order to test the bibliographic skill of his rivals. A full professor publishes not at all, because his brain cells have so badly deteriorated that he is better off out of the battle. He becomes a dean.

The final chapter on getting research money recommends fuzziness, jargon, the inflated budget, and obedient reference to the work of committee members who are likely to read the proposal. These ingredients in the right balance assure success in getting started. Publishing the results insures subsequent revenue for those offices, secretaries, and equipment only a headship could otherwise bring.

Incidentally, Van den Berghe counsels, publish with *anyone*. Royalties from the most successful house can only amount to a couple of thousand dollars for a scholarly tome. But the two thousand dollar increment in salary when the book comes out stays attached to academic income for the rest of your career. Who cares then whether the university press really knows how to market the book?

Van den Berghe was writing while undergraduates all over the country were beginning angrily to criticize the absentee, research-oriented professor. Keeping this in mind, some unsympathetic readers may find the book uncomfortable. What starts out in good fun reads from time to time like a cookbook for witches. But the story is true, and Van den Berghe is honest.

—Richard Brook

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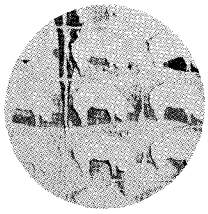

Robert Emmet Long

THEATRE JOURNAL

GOODBYE, FILLMORE EAST; HELLO, BROADWAY

Critics are speaking this year of a renaissance in the New York theatre. While this is perhaps an overstatement, the season has been distinctly better than the one before. The musical stage has been enlivened by *No, No, Nanette* and *Follies*, and Stephen Sondheim is now being spoken of as the successor to Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hammerstein. British imports have included the elegantly imaginative version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Peter Brook; David Storey's *Home*, which starred John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson; Christopher Hampton's *The Philanthropist*, with the superb Alec McCowen. If space permitted, it would be possible to comment on many new currents which are stirring in the theatre. Since it doesn't, it seems best to concentrate on one new wave, an unlikely one—the infusion of rock into the theatre.

* * *

Rock has come to mean *the* contemporary sound, and there have been efforts to modulate this modern sound with a more traditional one (compare Elton John's use of the harpsichord with his rock compositions). In the theatre this means that rock might be employed in surprising ways. This is true of Paul Sills' *Story Theatre*, which enacts fairy tales (the Brothers Grimm, Aesop, Hans Christian Andersen) to the accompaniment of live rock music—a combination that turns out, against all expectations, to be charming and imaginative. Paul Sills had his start in improvisational cabaret theatre in Chicago in the '50s, and was part of the Second City group which produced such talented performers as Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, and (in its earlier incarnation) Mike Nichols and Elaine May. Sills served a long apprenticeship in creating his own approach to the stage, and the result is a production which has all the *seeming* whimsy of improvisation, but which has actually been choreographed and perfected to the last detail. The use of rock, folk rock, and bluegrass music (performed by an on-stage rock group called The True Brethren) is a bold stroke. It is infinitely unlikely that Country Joe McDonald's song about going to die in Viet Nam ("I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag") could have been fused with the tale of Henny Penny's comic-dolorous fate, or that Bob Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" could have been used as a musical motif for the fable of "The Robber Bridegroom." Yet the fusion is achieved with startling success. Of course the effect of *Story Theatre* depends not only on this; it depends as much on the art of mime. Hamid Hamilton Camp and Peter Bonerz are featured, but all of the company's actors are versatile and perform many different parts—peasants, parsons, and ladies, as well as animals. Bonerz is eloquent as a cat in "The Bremen Town Musicians," becomes a horseman (legs leaping at full gallop, hands tugging at the reins, long cape flowing behind him in the wind, he is both horse and rider), and then appears as a magical flounder emerging from the sea. These fairy tales for adults, often comic, usually with an underside of tragedy, comment on the human condition in their small but highly perfected art.

The Me Nobody Knows, also child-oriented in its material, is the best rock musical since *Hair*, which it resembles in some of its songs and in its relentless exuberance. Acting on an idea by Herb Schapiro, a New York City school teacher named Stephen Joseph began to collect poems and compositions written by his pupils. As the project grew, other teachers contributed from New York's black ghettos—Harlem, Jamaica, Bedford-Stuyvesant. The result was an anthology, edited by Mr. Joseph, called *The Me Nobody Knows*. Lyrics for the musical version were written by Will Holt, who followed closely the material of the anthology; in fact, a number of the lyrics are children's poems, presented exactly as they were originally written. A strong score by Gary William Friedman ranges from soft rock to jazz, spiritual, classical fugue, and ballads. One of the most surprising features of *The Me Nobody Knows* is that its cast is made up exclusively of children, from ages seven to about eighteen; some of them have had no previous training in the theatre. Yet they work together as an ensemble with a high degree of professionalism. Many of the characters are Negro and Puerto Rican, and they tell about their slum lives in such numbers as "The White Horse," a song about heroin that is sung by Northern Calloway, a veteran performer with a remarkably clear voice and an impressive power of projection. Beverly Ann Bremers, who appeared previously in *Hair*, is the most talented member of the cast and has been assigned many of the best songs. She sings an opening number called "Dream Babies," and later joins in a duet with Jose Fernandez called "How I Feel." These songs, and others like "Sounds" and "Light Sings All Over the World," are part of the production's lyrical-poignant vigor.

The season which opened with *Story Theatre* and *The Me Nobody Knows* was literally invaded by rock musicals and rock operas. *Soon* told the story of a group of free spirits who met at a rock festival, formed a

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LARRY RUBIN

THE BROTHER-IN-LAW, RECONCILED

Peace. Let there be peace
Between us. I will recall my curse. Your woman
Now is velvet, my sister's made of sticks.
I will come and taste your food, and smile
And kiss the mask of her who molds the bed.
Let us chat of time and wills, children
Making nice adjustments. I see their eyes
And they see mine. They shake the wedding box
And kiss. We know the size, the shape, of sticks.

rock group, came to New York, were compromised and disillusioned by big-moneyed recording companies interested only in profits and cheapened, commercialized sounds ("bubble-gum music"). The idea of Martin Duberman's was good, but the score wasn't—or rather was neither particularly good nor bad; it doesn't matter. *Soon* folded its tent soon after it opened. *Touch*, in the East Village, was a cut above *Soon;* its songs were almost memorable. The cast was made up of performers ranging from 18 to 24 who were all members of a youthful repertory group in Warren, Pennsylvania, where they wrote the show's words and lyrics, and developed its conception. The story of *Touch*, which is rather slight, has to do with youthful nonconformists, runaways, and hippies who organize a commune where they experiment with drugs and are happy together—until the commune is destroyed by righteous citizens from a neighboring town. The lyricist, composer, and leading actor is Ken Long, who is talented—but not quite enough to keep *Touch* from steering onto the shoals of sentimentality. *Earthlight* was presented shortly after *Touch*, with music written and performed by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. There is no story to *Earthlight*, although choreographed charades—between numbers—are used to moralize about society's repressiveness. Its hard rock songs are frenzied and, partly because the sound equipment had been turned up very high, earshatteringly loud. *Earthlight* was succeeded by *The Survival of St. Joan*, which purported to be a "Medieval Rock Opera." It was performed in an unusual way, with actors recreating the story of St. Joan on a lower stage, while a rock group calling itself Smoke Rise broke in at intervals from an upper stage elevation. Ingenious as this arrangement was (having the play separate from the music), it was difficult to find any real relation between the music and the drama which, by the way, interpreted Joan in contemporary terms, having her become in the end a pacifist and critic of the Church-State Establishment. Dramatic possibilities seemed to wane with the evening, until it began to seem it was not Joan but the audience that was being martyred.

* * *

The real flowering of rock, the use of it in an imaginative and creative way, came later in the season in the form of the rock ballet. It was used by Maurice Bejart in his modernist Ballet of the Twentieth Century's engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and again by the Robert Joffrey company at the New York City Center. The Joffrey has for a long time been New York's boldest and most innovative dance company, combining elements of pop with the classical and traditional. Joffrey's *Astarte*, a rock ballet which premiered last year to some acclaim, was repeated this season. It makes use of a live rock group called Virgin Wool, stroboscopic lighting, and slides projected onto an immense screen against which the nearly nude dancers perform in a visual counterpoint to the images being flashed behind them. This season the Joffrey company introduced a new rock ballet called *Trinity*, choreographed by Gerald Arpino, which also uses Virgin Wool; it has little or no story, and plays off abstraction against a very intense physical energy. The strong beat of rock seems to support the youthful vitality of the dancers. *Trinity* has a delightful freshness and immediacy, and one has no doubt after seeing it that rock ballet is not a fad but an art form which is dynamic and burgeoning. One can say this as confidently of *Tommy*, the rock opera that has now been translated into a rock ballet by *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens*. The rock opera, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, was performed in New York last year, and will be returning next, but it does not have the potentiality for ballet of *Tommy*, which tells a very contemporary fairy-tale-like story, and which can be light and witty, moody and poignant by turns. On the same program with *Tommy* was another rock ballet, *Hip and Straight*, which was so rousing, so exhilarating in its high spirits, that the largely young audience in the theatre practically exploded with rapture.

The audience at *Tommy* is itself an indication of how popular ballet has become in New York, which must now be the ballet center of the entire world. The dance critic of the *Times* recently referred to Paris as a cultural backwater (Paris!), and it is literally true that ballet companies are performing to crowded houses all season long. I know of someone who has been to the ballet every night this season to see productions of different companies, some competing at the same time, and all of them first-rate. The infusion of rock into ballet is only a symptom of how powerful ballet has become in the city, how vital and inventive it now is, and how enormously it has enlarged the scope of our theatre. □

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